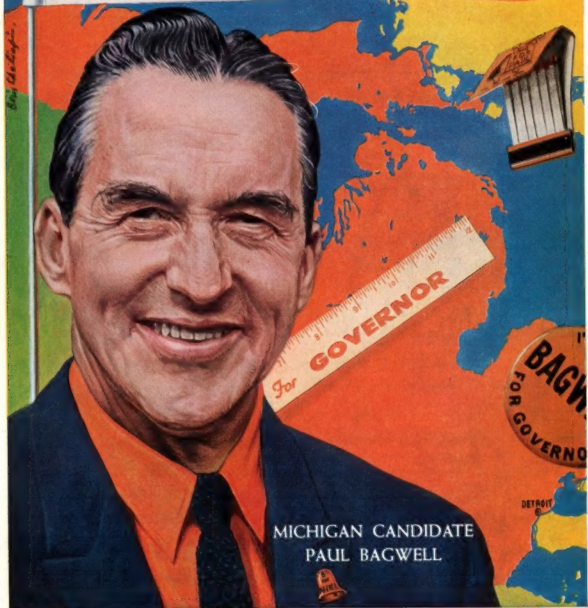


SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

OCTOBER 24, 1960

TIME

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BAGWELL
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
GOVERNOR



MICHIGAN CANDIDATE
PAUL BAGWELL

75 CENTS A YEAR

VOL. LXXVI NO. 17



NEW FROM AMERICAN MOTORS



1961 RAMBLER CLASSIC Custom Cross Country.
See the New Four-Door Sedans, too.

Announcing the New '61 Rambler Classic

New 6! Choose America's first die-cast aluminum engine . . . or the high-performance V-8.

New! The strongest guarantee in auto history . . . **New!** First cushioned acoustical ceiling of molded fiber glass

Even the name is new. We call it the Rambler Classic from the definition: "Classic—Any work that is regarded as a standard of excellence."

For the first time in an American car, the Rambler Classic 6 offers an engine block die-cast of aluminum* under enormous pressure, to near-flawless perfection not possible before. Highest in quality, lighter by far—easier steering, better performance, economy.

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The first cushioned acoustical ceiling of molded fiber glass increases headroom, cuts road noise 30%. Fireproof, waterproof. Come see the 1961 Rambler Classic.

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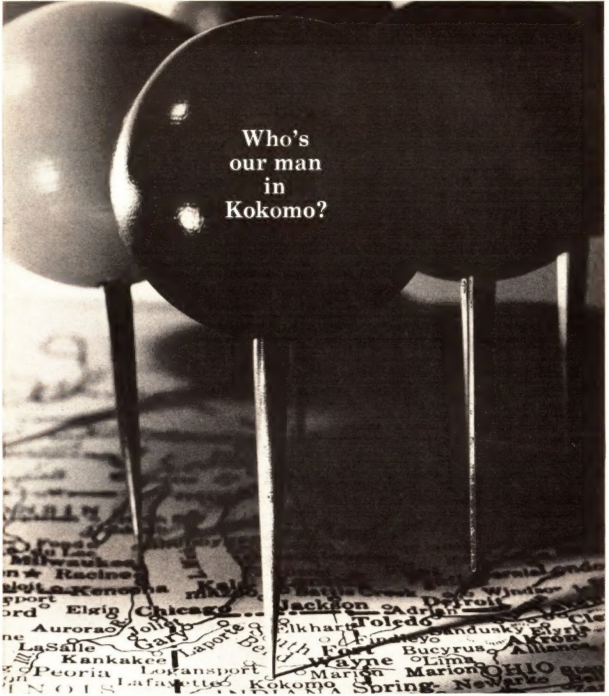
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These are day rates, Station-to-Station, for the first three minutes. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

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The Central has just opened the most modern freight yard in the world. The Big Four Yard, near Indianapolis, is an all-electronic wonder that classifies and forwards freight faster than ever before.

The Big Four Yard is a strategically located gateway speeding freight in all directions, shrinking the distance between the Central's home territory and the great new growth areas of the South and West.

America's shippers recognize the name "Big Four" as a well-known and respected railroad, now part of the Central system. The Big Four has always been associated with top-notch service and dependability.

The new Big Four Yard, gateway to a growing America, is the fourth electronic yard opened by the Central in five years. Each one does the work of several older-type yards. Each is a milestone along the New York Central, Road to the Future.



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Pontiac announces the new Trophy V-8 Engine

NEW PRECISION AND ECONOMY IN THE ENGINE ROOM OF THE '61 PONTIAC!

A completely new fuel induction system gives this new free-breathing V-8 more air...to save you gas. Closer calibration of this big 389-cubic-inch engine gives you maximum thrust at half throttle without over-carbureting.

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to 348. (For best economy, specify the Trophy Economy V-8. Its lower compression lets you use regular gas.)

If this sounds a bit technical, just visit your fine Pontiac dealer and try a new Trophy Engine soon. In one block, it will become clear why we've called this '61...all Pontiac!

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PONTIAC '61-IT'S ALL PONTIAC! ON A NEW WIDE-TRACK!

LETTERS

The Man Who...

Sir:

That first debate... Certainly we Americans can see through either thick pancake or thin powder! Nixon whipped Kennedy badly.

REYNOLD M. HAMRIN

Youngstown, Ohio

Sir:

We need a man in the '60s who can awaken America and snap us out of our complacency. Nixon couldn't wake a light sleeper!

JAMES S. SMITH

Dayton

Sir:

Attractive as Jack Kennedy himself might be as a candidate, his reliance on his brothers gives rise to concern. The thought of Bobby as crown prince is frightening.

MYRNE HOLZMAN

Vonkers

Sir:

We in Europe—especially in NATO—ought really to have a say in the choice of President or rather Secretary of State in the U.S. I venture to cast this imaginary vote for the Democrats with the prospect of having Adlai E. Stevenson taking care of foreign relations. He sounds like a statesman, and they are rare animals in the political forests anywhere.

W. FIRING

Oslo

Campaign Dress

Sir:

Regarding the latest political issue—the clothes of Mrs. Nixon and Mrs. Kennedy—maybe the first one to use a spinning wheel would assure her husband's election.

MRS. JOHN R. PANZAK

Fowler, Calif.

Sir:

In our milieu of mediocrity typified by false status symbols, development-house suburbia and permanent hair-dos, we praise the commonplace, criticize the unusual. Jacqueline Kennedy is a standout, not only for her natural beauty and discerning taste, but for her possession of a lost art in the U.S. today: the art of being an individualist.

ANNE PENNOVER NEWCOMB

Gainesville, Fla.

The Best Man?

Sir:

Sharp-tongued, curmudgeon-like though I am, I never said that some 20,000 fine voters in the 20th N.Y. Congressional District "every four years crawl out of their Hudson Gothic woodwork to vote for William McKinley." The crawling-out-of-woodwork metaphor was an added touch by the New York Times writer; he had an unusually fine prose style, given to flourishes which, as he might put it, bode well for a career in journalism. I did remark, sadly, how certain voters up here seem to pledge fealty every four years to William McKinley, but just as I was about to make an issue of this, I was advised by a relative interested in genealogy that the only American President to whom I am related is that same William McKinley. I now applaud the voters' devotion to a great man.

As for being supported by Mrs. Roosevelt, I could not be more pleased by her kindness to me, even though both of us—together and separately—are often referred to as roving members of the Comintern by our



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local Grand Old Party's grand old press
As for the election, I expect to win it as
surely as the fierce McKinley blood courses
in my veins.

GORE VIDAL

Barrytown, N.Y.

Sir,

In reply to the comment [casting asper-
sion on the Philadelphia water supply]: I'm
no bureaucrat; *The Best Man* is an excellent
play; Playwright Gore Vidal still should
delete the line slurring our drinking water.

ABE S. ROSEN

Deputy City Representative

Philadelphia

East Side Rockets

Sir,

In reference to your cover illustration
showing Khrushchev leading his gang
Khrush (and the others) aren't wearing their
golf caps in the approved style for gangsters
— namely: visor of cap drawn down over
one eye, snap button undone from its catch,
and lag top of cap pulled hard backward,
sideward, and downward over one ear—all
indicating that the wearer is as tough as tar
and twice as nasty.

THOMAS L. SULLIVAN

W. Roxbury, Mass.

Sir,

Just what kind of respect does Mr. Her-
block expect this cover to command from
Mr. K. and company? Or is this perhaps
under the heading of "U.S. propaganda"?

LINDA WUNSCH

Boston

Sir,

Best damn cover you ever had!

DAVID ORMONT

Los Angeles

Sir,

Your coverage and cover picture for the
15th Assembly of the United Nations are
worth a journalistic prize. Nothing better
than what you have done could even be im-
agined. It's complete from every side.

INDOMATI PANDIT

Kolhapur, India

Sir,

Please, can we have the goodies on the
front page next week, i.e., "the West Side
Scouts" (or are they cubs)?

R. J. CRANE

Hastings, New Zealand

The Man Who Wasn't There

Sir,

Since I do not know Fidel Castro and have
never had any sort of contacts with him or
communications from him, I would very
much appreciate a retraction of the state-
ment in the October 3 issue of TIME to the
effect that "Left-Wing Poet Langston Hughes
dropped in" at the Theresa to pay respects.
I have not been in the Hotel Theresa for
several weeks, and was certainly not there
during Mr. Castro's stay.

LANGSTON HUGHES

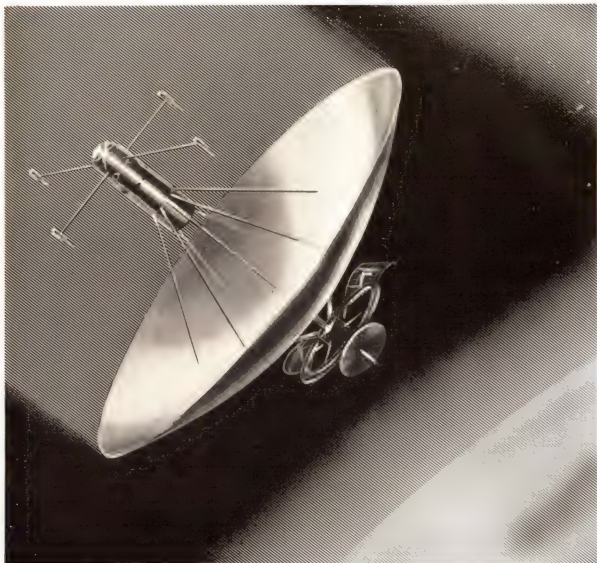
New York City

Freedom Demonstrators

Sir,

In the Oct. 3 issue you published a con-
versation between Khrushchev and Tito. In
the course of which Mr. Khrushchev says the
following about our groups which demon-
strate against him: "Little groups of loud-
mouths come around the embassy, mostly the
same ones over and over. They pay them
wages for doing it. One of our embassy em-
ployees went out and mingled with the

OUT OF THE LABORATORY



Advanced power conversion systems for space vehicles utilizing energy of the sun or heat from a nuclear reactor are now being developed by Garrett's AiResearch divisions. Under evaluation are dynamic and static systems which convert heat into a continuous electrical power supply for space flight missions of extended duration. Component and material developments for these systems are being advanced in the fields of liquid metals, heat transfer, nonmechanical and turboelectric energy conversion, turbomachinery, alternators, and controls — vital contributions by Garrett to the conquest of space.

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group. Along came a man and handed him a placard and \$8 to hold it."

Most of our people are former political prisoners and freedom fighters who had to flee their country and have to work hard in order to earn a living.

Our cause has millions of sympathizers, but, unfortunately, no financial contributors. We paint our own signs as we cannot afford to pay for a professional job. We couldn't even pay 8¢ to anyone, let alone \$8.

BELA FABIAN
Chairman

Federation of Hungarian
Former Political Prisoners
New York City

Willie & Joe
Sir

It was good to read again (Sept. 26) about Bill Mauldin. When I was an infantryman in Europe during World War II, his Willie and Joe cartoons were deeply appreciated. I haven't seen my old wartime friends for



Illustration by Bill Mauldin

many years, and was overseas at the time of General Marshall's death [when Mauldin drew his last Willie and Joe cartoon]. How about reproducing the 1950 cartoon for those of us who never had a chance to say a proper *au Wiedersehen* to those old dogfaces?

GUY A. HAMLIN

New York City
See cut.—Ed.

Sir

I quote Mauldin: "As for poor old Willie and Joe, they are gone."

I beg to correct Mauldin: Willie and Joe are immortal, as are the "dogfaces" they were patterned after.

RAYMOND S. THOMSON
Invercargill, New Zealand

Absolute Pitch

Sir

My husband and I feel we must correct your assertion that London has no first-class orchestra. This week we go on a tour of West Germany with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (I say we, rightfully, as I am the honorable excess baggage). This London orchestra is *plus que excellent*, as are the Philharmonia and the London Symphony Orchestra, with which my husband has made many records which have won citations, marvelous criticisms and prizes—even a gold medal. I cannot stand injustice, and I feel

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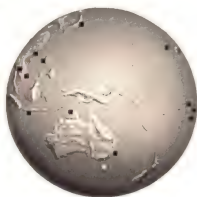
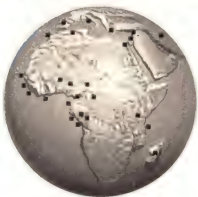
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Educational television in Puerto Rico: Don Federico de Onís. Photograph by Louis Lomax.

The Columbia professor and Puerto Rico's educational TV

YOU ARE looking at a stimulating man. You might even have met him in New York. He spent twenty-five years as head of Columbia University's Spanish department.

Professor Don Federico de Onís is now living and teaching in Puerto Rico—and enjoying every minute of it. This thriving Commonwealth appeals to his idea of what a culture should

be: “a society where a poet can walk proudly among physicists.”

Here you see Don Federico talking to the viewers of Puerto Rico's Channel Six. This remarkable station broadcasts to a larger area than any other educational television station in the Western Hemisphere.

Channel Six is noncommercial, non-political and is on the air six hours a

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They love the warm, sunny climate and the warm, sunny people. But above all, they love the stimulating spirit of the place. They say that it gives them a new outlook on life.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

ONE morning last week a group of White House correspondents and photographers trooped into President Eisenhower's office to wish him well on the occasion of his 70th birthday. "Around next January 18 or 19," a smiling Ike told them, "we'll all have to get together for a farewell party." One of the reporters who knew that he would not be around for that party asked to spend a few minutes with the President for an early farewell. The reporter: Charles Mohr, TIME's White House correspondent since December 1957, who will soon leave for India to become the TIME-LIFE New Delhi bureau chief.

At Mohr's request, the President autographed two Eisenhower covers (Sept. 7, 1959; Man of the Year, Jan. 4, 1960) on which Mohr had done most of the reporting. Looking at the Sept. 7 cover, a portrait for TIME by the distinguished American painter, Andrew Wyeth, the President recalled that it had been criticized by some of his staff and remarked: "You know, I'm one of the few people around here who liked that portrait."

After a brief chat with the President about his new assignment, Charlie Mohr left the White House in a reminiscent mood. He wrote:

"I was struck by the realization of how intimately a White House correspondent's life is tied up in that of the sitting President. While, properly, the President is only occasionally conscious of the press, the White House regulars are day and night as conscious of Ike as of a close member of their family. His health, in fact, is one of their primary concerns. His travels are the anvil on which their personal lives are bent and twisted. They learn to remember key dates in his life better than he does. Except for Richard Nixon's kitchen debate with Khrushchev and the tremendously moving Warsaw



WYETH'S EISENHOWER

crowd that greeted Nixon, all of my most vivid Washington bureau memories, I realized, were associated with Eisenhower. And of those, the two most vivid involve a dinner at the White House and the tenth tee of the Eldorado Golf Course at Palm Springs, Calif.

"At a no longer secret dinner for 14 'regular' White House correspondents last year, we were given the necessarily rare privilege of a social evening with the President and a chance to talk to him with a minimum of strain and formality. By the luck of a draw, I was seated to his immediate left.

"At Eldorado I suffered the terrifying experience of jamming the shoe on the other foot. Having often watched the patient President tee off, my foursome of reporters found itself in the position of being watched by Ike, who had stepped over from the 13th green to watch our drives. This was all right for the other three, all better-than-average golfers. Since I have never broken 100 and have been known to endanger spectators no more hazardously placed than at right angles to my line of fire, my vision blurred, my knuckles went white, my breathing became irregular, and I was unable to look in the President's direction. Somehow I hit the ball about 170 yards and happily lurched down the fairway, content with the greatest social triumph of my White House days."

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Mr. Romney talks to students on the Wausau Campus of the University of Wisconsin's Extension Division.

HERE AN ACHIEVEMENT IS A CHALLENGE...

Wausau Story

by **GEORGE ROMNEY**

President of American Motors Corporation

"I think I shocked the students I talked to in Wausau when I told them that *success could be dangerous*.

"I said that success is dangerous if we become overconfident that only what has worked in the past will work in the future. Instead of advancing, we tend to carry the same thing too far, extending superficialities but overlooking fundamentals.

"*The danger of entrenched success can be avoided by getting back to the basic principles.*

"In the coming election let's keep in mind the basic principles that make citizenship more important than partisanship. Let's go to the polls as informed voters.

"Being an informed voter is an individual responsibility. But Wausau has a way of living that encourages and develops responsibility.

Here past achievements do not mark the end of progress. For example:

The excellence of Wausau's school system is recognized... but a study of the school system is the special project of Wausau's League of Women Voters this year.

At the last presidential election 99.1% of Wausau's eligible voters registered and 95.5% went to the polls... but again this year Wausau's Jaycees and other civic groups worked to keep Wausau one of the 'votingest cities in the country.' And, even more important, they've sponsored programs to make Wausau voters informed voters.

"These things make Wausau people good people to know—and good people to do business with."



Mr. Romney visits the League of Women Voters Information Center at the Wisconsin Valley Fair in Wausau's Marathon Park. "This is the kind of effort needed to create an informed electorate," he says.

* * *

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Employers Mutuals of Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Thin Edge

Nikita Khrushchev sent a treasure-trove of American goods to his ship and flew home to Moscow. The Pittsburgh Pirates carried the World Series into history. Even the politically beleaguered islands of Quemoy and Matsu began to float out of the center of U.S. debate and back to their rightful place in ambiguity along the China coast. The pollsters hustled across the U.S. like heaters on an African safari—and found themselves right where they were before the interruptions, staring into that great cliché of the 1960 campaign: the undecided vote.

Who were the undecided? In the key Northern states, they were essentially voters who had flocked in record numbers to Dwight Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956, and now for one reason or another were moving toward the Democratic Party. Somewhere in mid-move they were caught in conflicting currents: Jack Kennedy's Catholicism pulled them one way or the other; Nixon's experience in foreign affairs (a Republican plus) vied with the rising apprehension of recession (a Democratic plus) as the dominant issue.

So far, TIME correspondents reported last week, the issue of peace still tops the issue of the economy in most parts of the nation. But a new factor has entered the political equation: in sum total the Nixon-Kennedy television debates have raised Kennedy's stature as a man of decision.

Yet, according to Pollster Sam Lubell the Quemoy-Matsu issue, with all its tangled semantics, is one that has dangers for Kennedy: 47% of the people in the nation agree with Nixon on the issue that "we can't give in to the Communists anywhere," and only 29% say that the islands of Quemoy and Matsu are not worth fighting for.

By all the signs last week, the large body of Democrats who have been cool to Kennedy ever since his nomination are coming his way with enthusiasm largely as a result of seeing him in the debates. This is true among erstwhile Stevensons as well as among big-city political bosses and their publics, and even among many conservative Southern Democrats. This new thrust, and the absence of any new Nixon upsurge, gave pollsters the feeling of a thin edge for Jack Kennedy as Election Day 1960 loomed three weeks away.

THE CAMPAIGN

Whistling Through Dixie

Lyndon Baines Johnson, a loyal son of Texas, holds the second spot on the Democratic ticket for one reason alone: the promise that he might bring the prodigal South back to the party it strayed from in 1952. Last week Johnson gathered up Lady Bird, 35 of his staffers, 30 report-

Three Themes. From the back platform of his blue-and-grey private car, Johnson stuck to three basic themes

THE CATHOLIC ISSUE. Time and again Johnson told with all-out vibrato the story of the death, in a World War II bomber explosion, of Jack Kennedy's brother Joe and his copilot, Lieut. Wilford J. Wiley of Fort Worth. Cried Lyndon hoarsely: "When those boys went out



VICE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE LYNDON JOHNSON IN SPARTANBURG, S.C.
Goodbye, God bless you, and vote Democratic.

ers and 15,000 bright balloons aboard the 13-car *L.B.J. Victory Special* to fulfill that promise in a meandering, old-fashioned whistle-stop excursion that notched the Bible belt in a dozen places and drove deep into Dixie.

Johnson's campaign had two purposes: 1) to expose him to as many Southern voters as possible, and 2) to goad or lure the reluctant Southern politicians into action behind the national ticket. He was still sensitive that so many thought him a drag on the Democratic ticket, while Henry Cabot Lodge was a gain to the Republicans. Johnson shed all of his pre-convention pretense of being a Westerner, not a Southerner, campaigned as "the grandson of a Confederate soldier" (running, he often added with a man who despite his fortune, is "the grandson of a pore Irish immigrant").

to die so that you could live, nobody asked them what church they went to."

RICHARD NIXON. "They say he's mature, and they say he's experienced. But if an inexperienced Governor of New York can take him up in the Waldorf Towers^o and turn his platform around 180° in one night, think what Khrushchev could do if he got him in the kitchen all day."

CIVIL RIGHTS. Johnson brought the subject up repeatedly, even without provocation, with the flat statement: "Under Jack Kennedy, the Democratic Party will guarantee the constitutional rights of every American, no matter what his race religion—or what section of the country he comes from." The last qualifying phrase admittedly and deliberately soft-

^o Actual address of Nelson Rockefeller's apartment is 810 Fifth Avenue.

ened the touchy issue for many white Southerners who feel subjected to a certain regional *apartheid* in other parts of the country.

Off with a Blast. Johnson found the political weather cool in Virginia's Byrdland (where Senator Byrd is the only eminent Southern Democratic holdout), but it warmed almost immediately when the *L.B.J. Special* rolled into the Carolinas. At every whistle stop, politicians of every variety, from Senators to sheriffs, from South Carolina's Governor Ernest Hollings to Florida's Representative Bob ("He-Coon") Sikes, clambered happily aboard. There they were warmly and methodically greeted by L.B.J. and Lady Bird, photographed, endorsed, introduced, and ushered off with a blast of *The Yellow Rose of Texas*. At the end of the trip, Johnson added up 1,247 politicians who had come aboard the *L.B.J. Special*.

The crowds were variable, but the daily average of 15,000 pleased Johnson. Only once, in Republican Greenville, S.C., was there any open hostility. At a rally in a local park, a disappointingly small crowd of 1,000 booed and displayed impolite placards ("Walter Reuther Speaks Today," "L.B.J., the Counterfeit Confederate"). Lyndon was stung into his sharpest attack on Nixon, and threatened the sign-carrying teenagers: "We're going to tear the masks off the faces of those who hide behind little girls." But mostly Johnson comfortably identified himself with the crowds he met, displaying a native son's sensitivity to local moods. With his aide, Senate Majority Secretary Bobby Baker, he helicoptered to a big barbecue in the mountain hamlet of Rocky Bottom, S.C. After one look at the holiday-minded audience, L.B.J. cast the script aside, drawled: "You just don't know how I'd enjoy sittin' down here and whittlin' with you awhile." His listeners ate it up.

Happy as a Hush Puppy. There were some notable non sequiturs ("What has Dick Nixon ever done for Culpere?") he asked a dazed Virginia crowd and he observed that the G.O.P. had used the South as a golf course for the past eight years.) There were also a few glimpses of L.B.J., the political pitchman. In Greer, S.C., as the *L.B.J. Special* clacked away from the depot, Johnson shouted: "Goodbye, Greer. Goodbye." Then in an aside: "Bobby, turn off that *Yellow Rose*." And finally, as he disappeared down the tracks: "God bless you, Greer. Vote Democratic." By the time he wound up his trip at a big rally in New Orleans, Johnson was as well pleased as a man who has just dined on hush puppies and peach cobbler; his Southern accent and his political instincts were still working, and, at last, L.B.J. was beginning to mean something, if no one knew how much, in the 1960 campaign.

Battle of the Islands

By the time the third round of the television debates went on the air—with Vice President Richard Nixon speaking from Los Angeles and Senator John Kennedy from Manhattan—both candidates were tight-lipped. Through the week they had been lobbing charges at each other on the Quemoy-Matsu question stirred up in Debate No. 2. In Albuquerque, Nixon warned that Kennedy's proposed abandonment of the two Chinese offshore islands would be "the road to war, the road to surrender. We must not give up an inch of territory." At Knott's Berry Farm, near Long Beach, Calif., he added: "We left the policy of retreat and defeat behind us in 1953, and

Steppingstones? Nixon picked up Kennedy's trigger-happy charge on the first go-round, tossed it back with the reminder that the last three wars (World War I, World War II and Korea) had begun in Democratic Administrations. ("I do not mean by that that one party is a war party.")

Then came a hot question to Nixon. Would he launch the U.S. into a war—conventional or nuclear—if Quemoy or Matsu were attacked? Answered Nixon: "It would be completely irresponsible to indicate the course of action." Nixon thereupon took up a position that was substantially the longstanding Administration position: "In the event the attack was a prelude to an attack on Formosa—

because the Chinese Communists say over and over again that their objective is not the offshore islands, that they consider them only steppingstones to obtain Formosa—there isn't any question but that the United States would then honor our treaty obligations and stand by our ally, Formosa. To do what Senator Kennedy has suggested, to suggest that we will surrender these islands or force our Chinese Nationalist allies to surrender them in advance, is not something that would lead to peace." (Earlier at the Waldorf, Kennedy had suggested that the United Nations might take over Quemoy and Matsu as a compromise.)

Said Kennedy in rebuttal: "Mr. Nixon suggests that the United States should go to war if these two islands are attacked. He wants us to be committed to the defense of these islands merely as a defense of a free territory, not as a part of the defense of Formosa. Admiral Varnell, the commander of the Asiatic Fleet, has said that these islands are not worth the bones of a single American."¹⁰

Obstacle? With those two basic positions stated, the rest of the debate turned on restatements of old positions. Kennedy tossed a low blow by recalling that Grand Dragon William J. Griffin of the

Ku Klux Klan had indicated that he was going to vote for Nixon ("I do not sug-



we're not going back to it in 1960." Kennedy delivered a full-dress speech to a Democratic dinner at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria. Said he: "I will not risk American lives and a nuclear war by permitting any other nation to drag us into the wrong war at the wrong place at the wrong time through an unwise commitment that is unsound militarily, unnecessary to our security and unsupported by our allies." He topped it off by warning against "a trigger-happy President in the White House."

In the final minutes before the TV debate began, Kennedy looked tired and nervous. With two minutes to go, he took out a sheaf of notes and began going over them with a gold-and-black ballpoint pen. Across the U.S., Dick Nixon glanced at the monitor set, saw Kennedy with the notes, and glared angrily.

¹⁰ Admiral Harry E. Varnell was commander of the Asiatic Fleet from 1936 to 1939, when he was retired. (He was twice recalled to duty in Washington during World War II.) In 1955 the *Manchester (N.H.) Union Leader* queried top-ranking Army and Navy officers, asking: "Do you think giving up the liberty of Quemoy and Matsu would produce peace?" Varnell was the only advocate of surrender: "To paraphrase Bismarck, these islands are not worth the bones of a single American. Use the surrender of the islands to secure the release of servicemen and civilians illegally held prisoners of the Chinese Communists." Among those who said no: General Claire Chennault, General James Van Fleet, Rear Admiral Robert Threlkeld, Lieut. General George Stratemeyer, Admiral Frederick Sherman, Admiral Louis E. Denfeld. Two who were noncommittal: Admiral William Halsey, General Mark Clark. Admiral Varnell died, at 83, last year.

QUEMOY & MATSU

A Question Mark Has Answered Well

In the fall of 1954, five years after the Chinese Communists seized the mainland, they first bombed Quemoy. The resulting pressures on the U.S. from Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek produced a Mutual Defense Treaty, committing the U.S. to aid in the defense of Formosa and the nearby Pescadores Islands (see map). At President Eisenhower's behest, Congress in January 1955 passed the so-called Formosa Resolution authorizing the President to use American forces "as he deems necessary for the specific purpose of securing and protecting Formosa and the Pescadores against armed attack, this authority to include the securing and protection of such related positions and territories of that area now in friendly hands." (Around the same time, the U.S. pressured Chiang into evacuating the distant—202 miles north of Formosa—Tachen Islands, which were quickly occupied by the Chinese Communists.)

Though the "related positions and territories" clearly referred to Quemoy and Matsu, the names were deliberately omitted from the resolution in line with Secretary of State Dulles' policy of maintaining freedom of action; at the same time, the resolution was aimed at keeping the Chinese Communists at bay, since, presumably, they did not know whether the U.S. would attempt to deter an invasion of Quemoy. "I won't be pressed or pinned down," said Dulles at a press conference, "on whether an attack on Matsu and Quemoy would be an attack on Formosa."

To the Three-Mile Limit

Many critics, including NATO allies, wanted the matter pinned down; the tiny "real estate," said they, was not worth risking a war. Adlai Stevenson registered his "greatest misgivings." Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse and New York's Herbert Lehman offered a proposal to amend the resolution so as to cut the offshore islands out of the defense perimeter. The amendment was beaten down, 74-13 (Jack Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, both absent, were paired; Kennedy for, Johnson against). In April 1955, Dulles told a press conference that "there is no commitment expressed or implied to defend Quemoy and Matsu." The President sent Admiral Arthur Radford, then the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the then Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson on a mission to Taipei to discuss Formosan defenses with their old friend Chiang, and, privately, to try to get Chiang to reduce his Quemoy forces. On that, Chiang turned them down.

Dulles' dogged policy of calculated ambiguity served to keep the Communists relatively quiet for three years. Then came crisis: in August 1958, the Communists opened a tremendous artillery attack on Quemoy from their positions seven miles away. Day after day, they lobbed thousands of shells onto the dreary islands, killing and maiming more than a thousand soldiers and civilians, disrupting the supply lines from Formosa.

The President sent a task force from the waiting Seventh Fleet into action. U.S. convoys escorted Chinese Nationalists toward the three-mile limit of Quemoy, and sent the Chinese the rest of the way in LSTs and LSMs. Overhead, Chinese Nationalist ace pilots, in U.S.-built planes, blooded the Communist MIGs. Little by little, Quemoy was provisioned and armed to the beaches with 155-mm. howitzers, mortars and tanks. From Moscow, Khrushchev demanded the fleet's withdrawal on pain of an all-out war. But the U.S. naval escort, keeping carefully outside the international three-mile limit,

maintained the needed umbrella for the Chinese Nationalists—and Khrushchev did nothing.

At home, the argument went on. Cried former Secretary of State Dean Acheson: "We seem to be drifting, either dazed or indifferent, toward war with China." Under Secretary of State Christian Herter claimed that the offshore islands were "not strategically defensible," labeled Chiang's preoccupation with Quemoy's fate "almost pathological." Into the State Department poured about 5,000 letters, 80% of them critical of Ike's policy. The President went on nationwide radio-TV, declared that the Quemoy attack was "part of an ambitious plan of armed conquest . . . I assure you that no American boy will be asked by me to fight just for Quemoy. But . . . the American people as a whole do stand ready to defend the principle that armed force shall not be used for aggressive purposes."

The Cease-Fire Plan

While the U.S. joined Chinese Communist representatives in Warsaw for peace talks (at Chou En-lai's request), international and domestic criticism of U.S. risk-taking over Quemoy grew louder. Pressured mightily, Ike and Dulles hinted that the U.S. was softening its line. At a headline-making press conference in September 1958, Dulles called Chiang's dream of reconquering the mainland "problematic." The U.S. apparently hoped to neutralize both sides on the Quemoy issue by pressing for a cease-fire and large-scale withdrawal of Quemoy troops to Formosa. If there were a "dependable cease-fire" in the area, said Dulles pointedly, "I think it would be foolish to keep these large forces on these islands. We thought it was rather foolish to put them there, and, as I say, if there were a cease-fire . . . it would not be wise or prudent to keep them there." Ike hacked him up: "I believe, as a soldier, that was not a good thing to do, to have all those troops there."

Though the President advocated a reduction of Quemoy forces provided that the Communists pledged a cease-fire, he did not waver on the question of Communist expansion. "The basic issue, as we see it," he said in October, "is to avoid retreat in the face of force."

A Measure of Freedom

The Warsaw cease-fire talks came to nothing, and the Chinese Communists, who had left off their bombardment for a short period, resumed their shelling—but on a smaller scale. They pounded Quemoy on odd-numbered days, more as a nagging reminder of their presence than of their purpose. Over the months, their guns were heard less and less (Eisenhower's visit to Formosa last June occasioned the last big shelling). Though U.S. policy has at times been wobbly as well as ambiguous, Quemoy and Matsu, garrisoned with 100,000 Chinese Nationalist troops, are still free—a fair measure of the power of the bristling question mark that the U.S. has raised for the Communists to ponder.

Still, why does the U.S. refuse to make a flat yes-or-no statement on its intentions so that everybody knows clearly how things stand? Simply because, as one ranking Pentagon officer put it last week, there are "certain conditions" under which the U.S. would indeed be foolhardy to unlimber its guns for Quemoy's sake. So far, the Communists have hesitated to test U.S. intentions—a situation that Candidates Nixon and Kennedy themselves would have done better to let lie.

gest in any way that that indicates that Mr. Nixon has the slightest sympathy or involvement . . ."). Nixon hedged on answers to questions on nuclear disarmament and control and labor policy by announcing that he would shortly deliver major speeches on these topics.

Both were asked about the 25% oil-depletion allowance, so dear to the hearts of Texas and Oklahoma oilmen. Kennedy was not opposing it and would restudy it after election; Nixon endorsed it wholeheartedly. Kennedy talked lightly about his inability to control Harry Truman's fiery public temper (see Democrats), but Nixon seized the occasion to declare fulsomely that President Eisenhower had restored dignity to the presidency ("I see mothers holding their babies up so that they can see a man who might be President of the United States"), and most newsmen were reminded of the Checkers speech. When the debate was over, Nixon called a foul because Kennedy had used notes—contrary to their oral agreement, he said—and Kennedy blandly said he had just wanted to be certain not to misquote the President of the U.S.

All in all, the session seemed something of an anticlimax after the first two, and ratings showed that audiences were declining—down to 60 million on the third from 73 million on the first. Physically, Nixon looked in fine form, and he was forceful in his replies. Who won? Increasingly, people seemed to be judging the debating as theatrical performances, and this time partisans of each seemed to think their candidate had won. But the rest of the world had only begun to listen in on the Quemoy-Matsu issue, on Formosa. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's spokesmen angrily denounced Kennedy, promised to fight to the military limit for the islands. In Washington the State Department denied that negotiations were in

progress (as Kennedy suggested) for removal of 100,000 Nationalist troops from the embattled islands, and privately complained that the debate was seriously jeopardizing foreign policy.

In his post-debate speeches Nixon refrained from the "I will not give up one inch" line and talked of defending Quemoy and Matsu only if an attack was a "prelude to invasion" of Formosa. He got a helping hand from the White House, which said that the President and Vice President agreed "exactly." Kennedy no longer stressed that he wanted to move the Chinese Nationalists out of the islands, and said he could go along with the "prelude to invasion" definition. There now seemed little open water between the two positions, though undoubtedly there would be many more open words.

REPUBLICANS

Nixon's "Offensive for Peace"

In Beverly Hills, Calif., the day after the third TV debate, Vice President Nixon made his major foreign-policy speech of the campaign. "It is time to launch a great new effort," he said, "an all-out offensive for peace and freedom." Key point in organizing the offensive: a series of conferences. Items:

¶ A council of the new Administration's defense chiefs, civilian and military, to "re-examine" U.S. defense programs in the light of Soviet policies and "the rapid pace of technological change." He would "work with these leaders," said Nixon, to develop "policies that will insure that America, already militarily the strongest nation in the world, will maintain this superiority."

¶ A meeting of "perhaps 100 men and women representing a cross section of America's life" to scrutinize the entire range of U.S. nonmilitary international

programs, both governmental and private. The conference would submit to Nixon proposals for achieving a "mobilization of America's brainpower and heartpower" in the "cause of peace and freedom."

¶ Four regional conferences of Free World heads of government—separate conferences for the NATO countries, Latin America, Africa and Asia—to work out new regional programs.

The real political plus in Nixon's speech was his promise to set up Vice President Henry Cabot Lodge as coordinator of all U.S. nonmilitary cold-war programs, and to use Nelson Rockefeller "to the extent that the duties of his office would permit," and above all, his announcement that President Eisenhower had agreed, after leaving office, to make his "wise guidance and rich experience" available to a Nixon Administration.

A Negro in the Cabinet

At a political rally in Harlem, Republican Vice Presidential Candidate Henry Cabot Lodge told an audience that he "offered as a pledge" his promise that Dick Nixon's Cabinet would contain at least one Negro. Asked if he had discussed his speech with Nixon, Candidate Lodge managed to get Candidate Nixon off the hook by saying: "I am sure that Mr. Nixon will tell you that his Cabinet will be selected without regard to color or creed." Asked what he thought about Lodge's "pledge," Nixon said just that. As Lodge headed South on a campaign swing, he ran into angry questions from G.O.P. leaders in Virginia, finally on reaching Winston-Salem, N.C. told newsmen: "I cannot pledge anything."

DEMOCRATS

Exploitation on Two Sides

Few TV sponsors have ever got so much mileage out of a single program as the Democratic National Committee is getting out of Jack Kennedy's appearance last month before a group of Protestant ministers in Houston. Kennedy's speech, and the question-and-answer period that followed, were designed to lay the religion issue to rest for the remainder of the campaign. Instead they were being used to keep the Kennedy side of the question alive. Last week, to the surprise of some local Democrats, a half-hour film of the Houston meeting appeared in prime time on eight California TV stations, distributed by Democratic headquarters in Washington. It was shown three times in the State of Washington. It appeared in Colorado, Wyoming, Minnesota, Michigan, New York, Vermont. It has run again and again across the South.

The film itself is an unexceptionable documentary: it is Jack Kennedy's dramatic and eloquent plea for "an America where the separation of church and state is absolute" (TIME, Sept. 26). But Republicans are convinced that the Kennedy forces are making too much of it. Republicans were only too willing to drop the whole issue when Dick Nixon called for a "cutoff date" on the candidates' discussion



THE NIXONS AT KNOTT'S BERRY FARM IN CALIFORNIA
"We left the policy of retreat and defeat behind."

Associated Press

of religion.* Their intentions were practical as well as high-minded: Nixon knows that he has a better chance of picking up Catholic votes in the key Northern states if the Catholics are not stirred into defensive solidarity on religion.

The Kennedy forces, who keep a pollster's watch on the Catholic vote, know it too. Some Republicans are convinced that showing the Houston film in such heavily Catholic areas as New York, Seattle and San Francisco is a deliberate effort to keep the issue bubbling. To which the Kennedy forces answer that, even though the G.O.P. is not exploiting the issue, all kinds of crackpot mail against a Catholic President are flooding mailboxes, particularly in the South and the border states.

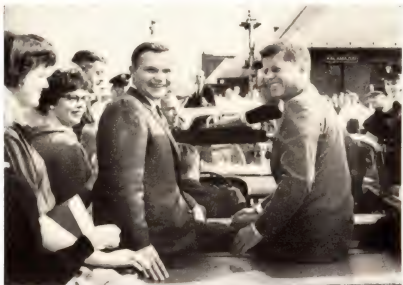
Mortal Words

In his best high-cockalorum manner, Harry Truman sashayed through Texas, doing his bit for Jack Kennedy and the Democrats. More than 700 well-heeled Texans paid \$50 a plate for a roast-beef dinner and a full serving of the old Harry in San Antonio. And Harry was steaming. "This Republican outfit doesn't know the definition of parity," he cried. "All the prices have gone down, down, down. And the damn farmers still vote the Republican ticket. They ought to have their heads examined."

Harry had a glancing blow for Dwight Eisenhower ("No Eisenhower veto ever built a dam, or helped a farmer"), but his choicest epithets were reserved for Vice President Nixon: "Tricky Dicky Nixon is cut from the same cloth—don't make any mistake about that. Nixon is against the small farmer, against small business, against labor, against public housing, against public power. Come to think of it, I don't know what the hell he is for. And that bird still has the nerve to come to Texas and ask you to vote for him. And if you do, you ought to go to hell—that's all I have to say."

Truman's intemperate words touched off a salvo of indignation. In Waco, Texas, a group of 72 Baptist ministers passed a resolution rebuking Truman "as a Christian, a Baptist, and a guest in our midst." In Washington, G.O.P. Chairman Thruston Morton (himself no slouch at name calling) described the Truman speech as despicable, degrading, a smear, low-road tactics, a back-alley campaign and a slur on the 35.5 million Americans who voted for Nixon in 1956. In a blistering telegram Morton called on Jack Kennedy "to disown Truman's attack and to apologize to the American people." Replied Kennedy during his TV debate: "Mr. Truman has his methods of expressing things. . . . They are not my style, but I really don't think there's anything that I could say to cause him, at 76, to change his particular speaking manner. Perhaps Mrs. Truman can, but I don't think I can."

* An edict which a Nixon press aide violated last week by issuing a release, which quoted an Israeli newspaper's call for U.S. Jews to vote for Nixon because he would do so much for Israel. Last week three former leaders of Jewish organizations objected to "this shocking appeal for votes from Americans of Jewish faith."



CANDIDATES SWAINSON & KENNEDY IN KALAMAZOO
In the back seat, a political accident.

MICHIGAN

The Professor's New Course

(See Cover)

Thrusting out of the Midwest into four of the five Great Lakes, Michigan is a self-contained empire. Imperially big, rich and varied, it is the land where Hiawatha played, where the French *voyageurs* sailed even before the Plymouth colony was fouled, where conservative Germans settled on the smiling farmlands of the fertile south, and the Scandinavian Paul Bunyans came to cut the timber and mine the ore of the rugged north. It was here that Henry Ford, messiah of the machine, swung the U.S. mass-production revolution on his assembly lines and broke the bonds of the workingman's poverty by instituting the \$5 eight-hour day.

Today Michigan's proud boast is that it can make anything. It manufactures more cars, corn flakes and chloromycetin than any other state, commonwealth or country. Dynamic Detroit may have less charm than any other great U.S. city—but it has more factories. It is the symbol to the world of U.S. industrial genius.

Back-Seat Help. In Election Year 1960 Michigan is something more. It has been governed for an unbroken dozen years by a statehouse administration dominated by organized labor. The influence of labor—on the tax structure, welfare laws, political appointments—is more conspicuous in Michigan than in any other state. Six times in succession a labor-liberal machine has elected Democratic Governor Gerhard Mennen Williams, and "Soapy" Williams, with the unashamed back-seat help of United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther, has steered the phaeton of state down a left lane.

In a year when 27 races for the State House all over the U.S. show a glittering entry of hardy challengers, the outstanding challenger of them all is the Republican candidate for Governor of Michigan,

a polio-crippled professor of speech from Michigan State University, Paul Douglas Bagwell, 47. To succeed retiring Soapy Williams, the Democrats have selected blond, boyish John Swainson, 35, Michigan's lieutenant governor, who is the handpicked choice of the U.A.W. The candidates are attractive, the issues are sharp, and Michigan's election shapes up as 1960's hottest state race.

"All the Fat Cats." National campaign patterns are reversed in Michigan: Republican Bagwell is attacking the incumbent administration, Democrat Swainson is defending it. Bagwell charges that Soapy Williams' high-taxing and labor-leaning administration has scared off employers, swelled Michigan's unemployment (current rate: 6.3%). Asks Bagwell: "Does anyone believe that re-election of a Democratic state administration, with its uncompromising attitude and continual emphasis on political war between labor and industry, can get the 100,000 jobs a year that our people need?" Democrat Swainson sounds not unlike Republican Richard Nixon as he defends the record of the state administration: "Under Governor Williams' brilliant leadership, we have been developing a winning team and publicly supported programs. This would be a poor time to change the script."

The U.A.W., driving hard for the Democrats, has contributed strategists, speechwriters and great financial support to Swainson. And in a state where memories of the skull-cracking industrial disputes of the '30s are still vivid, union politicians are not above fanning class strife. Says an A.F.L.-C.I.O. pamphlet circulating in Michigan: "The people voting against you are the bankers, the merchants, the car dealers, the big industries, the utilities—all the fat cats who make money whether you have a job or not."

"Shake Hands Anyway." Challenger Bagwell, who has troubles with conservatives in his own party, is fighting a lonely

battle against labels. "This is an age when we like to classify people under one heading or another," he says. Just as union politicians oppose him because he is a "Republican," so do some businessmen disown him as a "liberal," a "professor," an "egghead." His rebuttal: "I don't consider myself either a liberal or a conservative. I am a responsible Republican."

Something resembling a Stevensonian cult has formed around Bagwell. At Michigan State, some members of Delta Sigma Pi fraternity sold a pint of blood to swell the Bagwell campaign chest. The statewide Bagwell Boosters number 12,000 members, more than Michigan's Citizens for Eisenhower at highest tide. Negroes



DEMOCRAT WILLIAMS
Under a workman's lapel . . .

have formed an Elephant Club for Bagwell. In Wayne County, the strongest Democratic stronghold (67%) north of the Mason-Dixon line, 4,500 Working Women for Bagwell are ringing doorbells, penning postcards, phoning friends to drum up votes. The long-dormant Michigan Federation of Republican Labor, revolving around former A.F.L. unions, has been revived.

As election day draws close, Bagwell spends up to a dozen hours a day at plant gates, carrying his case to the rank and file. A band of Bagwell campaigners swoop down at shift-break time. The men are orange-shirted and the women are orange-skirted, and each uniform is stamped BAGWELL FOR GOVERNOR in black. (Highly visible orange and black are "this year's colors" for campaigners, so a Madison Avenue firm advised.) They wave orange balloons and they pass out orange matchbooks. An accordionist plays *When the Saints Go Marching In* or *Show Me the Way to Go Home*—depending upon whether the workers are coming or going. Three Negro campaigners take on the Negroes among the plant workers. In the center of it all stands a jaunty, greying,

middle-sized man, his left hand leaning on a cane, his right hand outstretched in the eternal gesture of the office seeker. "How do you do," he says, pumping his hand, already swollen from handshaking. "I'm unemployed, and I want to go to work for you. My name is Paul Bagwell."

Common reaction: "You're on the wrong ticket. We don't vote Republican." To which Bagwell replies: "Shake hands with me anyway, won't you?" A few men drop Bagwell's broadsides to the ground, but this year very few spit on them (an old trick that prevents the broadsides from being picked up and used again). "That's a good sign," says Bagwell. "Two years ago they dropped our pamphlets like snow." It is not uncommon for a worker to sidle up with a wink, fold back his lapel and expose a concealed Bagwell button. Even Democratic leaders figure that one-third of Wayne County's workers will vote for Bagwell.

"I Brought Back Balance." That the G.O.P. can count on any labor support at all suggests that the pendulum of Michigan politics may be swinging back. Soapy Williams took over in 1948 with an outpouring of labor strength that shook the teeth of the Republicans, who had been confidently in control of the state government for most of the century. Carefully the Democrats hammered out their own machine—a three-wheeled speedster that rolled on the vote-delivering power of union leaders, the organizational wizardry of Democratic Chairman Neil Staebler, and the popularity of ebullient bow-tied Soapy Williams, who could out-polka any Polish-American in Hamtramck.

Williams has now been in office longer than any liberal Democratic Governor in U.S. history—long enough to change the entire political complexion of the state. During the Williams era, the Democrats have captured as many as 20 of 23 statewide elective offices, including both U.S. Senate seats, have even won a 5-to-4 majority in the elective state supreme court.*

"I have brought back balance," sums up Soapy. "I won't say that the state legislature was in the hands of General Motors before I came in, but it was one step away from that. Now it is respectable to be a Democrat in Michigan."

Also Imbalance. There is something to be said for Soapy's New Deal. Previous administrations had been seared with scandal; Soapy has been scrupulously clean. He recruited a whole new crop of enthusiastic youngsters into politics. He pushed through a state Fair Employment Practices law, and under him several Negro Democrats have risen to prominent office—including Auditor General Otis

* One notable decision: last year the court ruled 4-to-3 that, in effect, Michigan employers may be taxed to pay unemployment compensation to Michigan workers who are thrown out of work when strikes shut down vital parts plants in other states. Management complained that the ruling would oblige an employer to finance a strike against himself. Author of the majority opinion: Associate Justice George Edwards, 46, sometime (1943-49) U.A.W. director of welfare.

Smith, first Negro cabinet member in Michigan's history. In the Williams era, there have been generous increases in aid for the aged, the blind, the crippled children. The average unemployment compensation check has gone up more than 60%. Michigan has built eight community colleges, 27 mental clinics and hospitals, the \$100 million Mackinac Bridge, a latticework of fine highways. The bill for public improvements: close to \$1 billion.

But if Soapy restored balance he also brought serious imbalances; because by and large, business has paid the bill. During the Williams years, per capita income rose 54%, but state taxes zoomed 116%—mostly on manufacturing. The authorita-



REPUBLICAN LINDEIMER
... a concealed Bagwell button.

tive Fantus Factory Locating Service figures that a manufacturer with 300 employees and \$15 million in sales would have a state and local tax bill of roughly \$54,000 in Ohio, \$80,000 in Illinois, \$93,000 in Indiana, \$143,000 in Michigan. Soapy Williams notes that Michigan has no corporate profits tax. But the hitch is that the manufacturer is taxed on his rate of sales—whether he earns a profit or not.

Chrysler ran \$5,400,000 in the red last year, still had to pay \$31 million in local and state taxes—and rumpled that it might move elsewhere. When Ford located a new Falcon plant in Ohio, Williams put on his straightest face and complained that the company was depriving Michiganders of jobs. This year the Republicans' most effective campaign document is a list of 40 key companies—from ACF Industries to Philco—that have left Michigan. In the past decade, the number of manufacturing jobs in Michigan dropped from 1,070,000 to 983,000. At the same time, manufacturing employment went up 4.9% in Ohio, 7.5% in Wisconsin. In 1950 the U.S. classified nine Michigan cities as depressed areas, and Detroit was the only U.S. city with more

than a million population to be so tagged.

As Michigan unemployment mounted (as high as 16% in recession 1958), sales tax returns slumped, welfare costs soared. Soapy Williams, heir to a budget surplus of \$21 million in 1949, was faced with a \$110 million deficit by mid-1959 and practically no borrowing power. His proffered solution: pile a 5% profits tax on corporations, put a U.A.W.-endorsed income tax on middle and upper incomes, e.g., a family of four earning less than \$6,333 per year would pay nothing.

The Republican-controlled legislature balked, instead proposed a sales tax increase from 3% to 4%. Neither side budged. Newspaper polls showed that the public preferred a sales tax boost to an income tax, but Williams blocked a referendum. Result: chaotic insolvency.

The state skipped a payday, finally squeaked through by tapping its \$50 million Veterans' Trust Fund and slapping nuisance taxes on beer, whisky, tobacco, etc. The fight damaged what Paul Bagwell calls "the heart of the image of Michigan," killed Soapy's hopes for a place on the 1960 National Democratic ticket, convinced him that it was time to shop for another job.

"The Charmed Circle." Soapy owed much of his continuing success to Republican arrogance, ineptness, lack of leadership. A 1952 split between Eisenhower and Taft factions died hard. General Motors subsequently supported a conservative wing, while the Fords boosted the liberals. Some big contributors from the auto industry slowed their cash flow when the Republicans began to lose elections.⁶ A determined band of G.O.P. greybeards in the state senate gave the party a black name. They fought free polio vaccine for children, opposed spending bills for education and mental health, blocked efforts to revamp the state industrial code, which was written in horse-and-buggy days.

"The Republican Party admits no one to the charmed circle unless approved by the high command," said Detroit Judge W. McKay Skillman, a Republican, to a G.O.P. gathering in 1951. "Its strategy meetings are held in some exclusive club where the doorman asks who you are and whom you want to see. Anyone who harbors anything approaching a liberal thought is unwelcome." No little part of Professor Bagwell's triumph was that he was able to crash the charmed circle.

"That Was the Last Time." In his speeches, Bagwell quotes Epictetus: "Difficulties are things that show what men are." Bagwell knows.

Son of a hard-scrabbling North Caroli-

na farmer who raised four little Bagwells, Paul soon learned to plow, milk cows and hoe corn that stretched in long rows toward the Blue Ridge Mountains. When he was ten, the family moved to Akron. In high school he was a 50-50 student who majored in extra-curricular activities, doted on football. During a sand-lot scrimmage when he was 18, Paul leaped to grab a pass; tacklers knifed him from either side, bones began to snap—"and that was the last time I ever walked normally." His hips had been dislocated and, coincidentally, polio struck him soon after. Today he limps deeply, usually has to be helped up and down stairs.

Affliction fired ambition. Aged for six months, Bagwell taught himself to speed-read, gulping whole paragraphs at a glance. "Instead of attacking a book word for word, I went through it quickly to get a sense of what the author was trying to achieve. Once I understood the organization of the work, I could read it like lightning." At the University of Akron,

Paul became a grade A student (education, speech, political science), a fulltime Big Man on Campus (champion debater, student council boss, president of Lambda Chi Alpha) and a part-time worker for the G.O.P. He picked up pocket money by analyzing election returns for the up-and-coming Summit County Republican chairman, a young man named Ray C. Bliss (since 1949 Ohio's canny Republican state chairman), who had won a certain renown at the university a few years earlier for stuffing ballot boxes in a beauty-queen contest. Bagwell then went on to earn a master's degree in speech at the University of Wisconsin, working his way by tutoring football heroes ("My job was to keep them eligible"). One night he had a date, but his girl fell ill and delegated another coed, brunette Edith Clark, to take care of Paul. "She's been taking care of me ever since," says Bagwell, who married her within four months.

Hired by Michigan State as a speech instructor and debate coach in 1938, Paul

FIGHT FOR THE STATE HOUSES

Of the nation's state houses (34 occupied by Democrats, 16 by Republicans), 27 by late are due next month for either new tenants or for extensions of the old leases. Among this year's liveliest races:

Arizona. Go-Getter Democrat Lee Ackerman, 39, a Missouri-born real estate millionaire, is running a well-organized middle-of-the-road campaign against Republican Incumbent Paul Fannin, 53, wealthy Phoenix gas distributor. Zesty Democrat Ackerman could win unless Nixon carries Arizona by enough of a landslide to bring his ticket along with him.

Illinois. Democrat Otto Kerner, 52, a matinee-idol Cook County (Chicago) judge with an impeccable record, is being matched against lackluster Republican Incumbent William Stratton, 46, trying for an unprecedented third term on a record tinged with state-house scandal. Judge Kerner, the favorite, has endorsements from such normally Republican papers as the *Peoria Journal Star* and *Rockford Star*.

Indiana. Democratic Candidate Matthew Empson Welsh, 48, a trial lawyer by trade, is aiming his best prosecution stabs at arch-conservative Republican Crawford Parker, 54, lieutenant governor during the drab regime of outgoing Governor Harold Handley, who cannot succeed himself and would be defeated if he could try.

Maine. Middle-of-the-road Republican Incumbent John Hathaway Reed, 39, state senate president when he was sworn in as interim Governor after Democrat Clinton Clauson died in office last December, faces a well-known opponent: trim, laconic Demo-

crat Frank Coffin, 41, Representative from Maine's Second District. Hard-working Congressman Coffin is still the betting choice, but Potato Farmer John Reed has cut heavily into an early Democratic lead.

Massachusetts. Outgoing Democrat Foster Furcolo's job is up for grabs. Both Republican John Anthony Volpe, 51, a prosperous contractor, and voluble Democratic Secretary of State Joseph Duckford Ward, 46, a dark-horse primary winner over six opponents, promise to bring back good clean government. Native Son John Kennedy's statewide lead gives Democrat Ward an advantage.

Minnesota. Folksy Republican Elmer Andersen, 51, wealthy adhesives-company president and former state senator, is giving three-term Incumbent Orville Freeman, 42, a key shepherd of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor flock, the race of his life.

Montana. Plodding, conscientious Lawyer Don Nutter, 44, a self-styled "pretty progressive Republican," is catching up on Democratic Lieutenant Governor Paul Cannon, 58, who has a reputation for many unpredictability and some unpopular ultra-liberal ties, e.g., the Red-lining Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers.

Washington. Conservative Republican Lloyd J. Andrews, Spokane apple rancher turned state superintendent of public instruction, is trying to unseat Democratic Incumbent Albert ("The Rose") Rosellini, 50. Rosellini has a strong machine, but his first term was flecked with scandal; Andrews is a vibrant campaigner but lacks his opponent's political savvy. The Rose has a leaf-thin margin.

⁶ Despite their party's low ebb at home, a remarkable number of Michigan Republicans have been appointed to top jobs in the Eisenhower Administration. Among them: Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield, Flint Chevrolet dealer and ex-chairman of the Republican National Committee; Secretary of Defense (1951-52) Charles Wilson, ex-president of General Motors; Secretary of Commerce Frederick H. Mueller, Grand Rapids furniture manufacturer; Secretary of the Army Wilber Brucker, onetime Michigan Governor (1931-32); Budget Director (1953-54) Joseph Dodge, Detroit banker.

Bagwell began stirring up chalk dust from Detroit to the Soo. He led European students on speaking expeditions through the largely isolationist state. His varsity debaters won gold medals all across the U.S., and Coach Bagwell won headlines all through the state. In 1942, when Bagwell was only 29, he was tapped to head the big department of speech, radio and drama—a promotion that did not endear him to 16 senior faculty members who were passed over.

Out with Social Climbers. From that launching pad, Bagwell became a sought-after speechmaker (about 50 per year) joined every civic and scholastic organization in sight. He got into the charmed circle of the Republican Party by phoning

One Came Back. Bagwell's opponent, John Swainson, is something of a lucky political accident. "I've been in the right place at the right time, and that's the story of my life," says he, although he has also been in some wrong places. Born in Canada, son of a low commission cooky-and-tobacco salesman, he grew up in Port Huron, Mich., got his U.S. citizenship after he joined the Army fresh out of high school in 1943. In the assault upon Metz, Private First Class Swainson volunteered for a night patrol, set off in a Jeep. It ran over a land mine. Of the five men in the Jeep, three were killed, one was shaken into insanity, and Swainson lost both legs below the knees. If elected, he will be the only U.S. Governor listed by

check out, the odds-on favorite of pollsters and pundits to succeed him was popular Secretary of State Jim Hare, who had led the Democratic ticket in 1958. But Hare was known as an independent-thinking cuss. The unions, in a spectacular exercise of political muscle, swung behind Swainson. On primary day, 70,000 Wayne County Democrats cast "bullet" votes for Swainson; i.e., they did not even bother to vote for the other 16 contested offices on the ballot. Swainson's statewide margin of victory: just under 70,000.

"Take It Easy, Fellows." The U.A.W. and its parent Michigan A.F.L.-C.I.O. (membership: 800,000) decline to say how much money they are devoting to the cause of John Swainson and John Kennedy. There are no legal limits to their spending for the virtuous civic activity of getting out the vote. In big Macomb County, for example, the union voter-recruiting army bulges into hundreds, and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. pays a bounty of 40¢ for every new voter. The goal is 40,000 voters, which would cost the union \$16,000. On Election Day the A.F.L.-C.I.O. will pay thousands of members \$25 each to take off from their jobs and flush out the vote in Michigan. The formula: canvass Democratic areas block by block, drive voters to the polls, pass out "idiot sheets" that tell how and for whom to pull the lever. When need be, the unionists also baby-sit.

Three times a day, Monday through Friday, the confident tones of U.A.W. Commentator Guy Nunn roll over the radio or TV airwaves from station CKLW in Windsor, Ont. to Greater Detroit, extolling the virtues of Swainson, Kennedy & Co. His sign-off on every show suggests a provocative philosophy of labor's role: "Take it easy, fellas—but take it." While John Swainson is the darling of the union-hall speakers' circuit, Paul Bagwell's many requests to address union locals have been turned down cold—except twice. One time, Bagwell was permitted to speak for 15 minutes, and then the local leader delivered a 30-minute rebuttal.

"I'm Going to Try." As of last week, there was plenty of restlessness in Democratic ranks, and politico's gave Paul Bagwell a good even chance of beating the machine. The Detroit *News* lashed Democrat Swainson for talking generalities while "citizens are coming by firsthand experience to realize that the businesses on which jobs are based cannot be expected to lie still forever while politicians joyfully clout them about the head."

Whether or not the Bagwell middle-of-the-roader rides into the State House this year, the Michigan G.O.P. will never be quite the same again. As members of the Old Guard retire, they are being replaced by Bagwell liberals. Paul Bagwell and G.O.P. chairman Lindemer are also carefully grooming young Republicans to take on the Neanderthals in primary races.

The professor has injected fresh spirit and purpose into the Republican Party in a key state. More important, he has demonstrated anew that one man, against odds, can cause a mighty stir.



Ed Bailly

THE BAGWELL FAMILY AT HOME®
New charm for the middle-of-the-roader.

friends, who phoned other friends, and their powerful support sent him to the G.O.P.'s county and state conventions. While Republican mossbacks shunned him, Bagwell became the heretic hero of liberal young Republicans, went on to head the state's Citizens for Eisenhower in 1954. He ran for auditor-general in 1956, lost by 32,000 votes (out of 3,000,000), but led the G.O.P. ticket. Bagwell's surprising vote-drawing power—and a general shortage of Republicans brave enough to run against Soapy Williams—sewed up the G.O.P. gubernatorial nomination for him in 1958. He cut Soapy's 1956 margin of victory in half.

Since then, Bagwell and his liberal followers have been toiling to modernize the G.O.P.'s machinery and philosophy. The liberal Republican chairman, 30-year-old Larry Lindemer, a trim Lansing lawyer who rose to power along with Bagwell, started a precinct-by-precinct vote analysis, replaced many social climbers with politically minded recruits, re-established G.O.P. outposts in the far corners of the state. Meanwhile, Bagwell has been hammering home his liberal philosophy.

the Veterans Administration as "totally and permanently disabled."

Back home, Swainson enrolled in Michigan's Olivet College, met and married blonde Alice Nielsen: "She was the cutest girl in the school, and she didn't try to baby me." He took a law degree at the University of North Carolina, moved back to Detroit, started attending political meetings because "it was a good way to build up a law practice." One day in 1954, Democratic leaders casually invited him to run for the state senate. "They came around looking for someone with an impeccable background, preferably a war hero. I decided I had nothing to lose." He won, at 29 became the youngest state senator in Michigan history. In Lansing, he rolled up a reputation as an earnest, ever-smiling Democrat who never skipped a session and rarely missed a chance to run an errand or cast a vote for Soapy. Party chiefs rewarded him with the Democratic floor leadership in 1956, the nomination for lieutenant governor in 1958.

When Soapy decided to wash up and

POLITICAL NOTES

Who's for Whom

¶ Arkansas' Winthrop Rockefeller, Nelson's younger brother, Bobo's former husband, and biggest wheel in the drive to bring industry to Arkansas, took to radio and TV to announce for Nixon-Lodge in an attempt to get a two-party system going in Orval Faubus' one-party state.

¶ Aging (87) David O. McKay, "Prophet, Seer and Revelator" as well as president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, sat side by side with Vice President Nixon (in the company of Mormon Apostle Ezra Taft Benson) in the church office in Salt Lake City and said: "I sat by your competitor a few days ago. I said to him, 'If you win, we'll support you.' Today I say to you I hope you are successful." Though McKay's Nixon endorsement surely would swing much weight with many of the nation's 1,400,000 Mormons (mostly in Utah, Arizona and Idaho), churchmen hastened to point out that the Mormon church has not officially endorsed a presidential candidate since stirring up a great storm by opposing Franklin Roosevelt's third term in 1940.

¶ Newspapers for Nixon-Lodge: Chicago's *Daily News* and *Sun-Times*; the 19 Scripps-Howard papers; New York's *Daily News* and *Herald Tribune* ("an unparalleled combination of demonstrated leadership").

¶ Newspapers for Kennedy: the New Bedford (Mass.) *Standard Times*, whose arch-conservative publisher, Basil Brewer, was Massachusetts campaign manager for Robert Taft in his 1952 drive for the G.O.P. nomination; the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* ("Kennedy offers the brighter hope of being able to evoke the burst of national spirit we shall require").

¶ LIFE endorsed the Nixon-Lodge ticket. Domestically, LIFE praised Nixon as the one more apt to "maintain and advance the American Free Enterprise system." Weighing the candidates on foreign policy, LIFE found "the difference between the two candidates . . . narrow and the choice not easy," but concluded: "With Nixon and Lodge in charge of U.S. world policy we shall feel both safer and more hopeful."

¶ Another magazine for Nixon: *Farm Journal*; for Kennedy, *Harper's*.

¶ The residents of rival Crackertown (pop. 463) and Yankeetown (pop. 700), Fla., two miles apart in northwest Florida's Levy County, whooped up their own straw vote for President. Although the combined voter registration is 97% Democratic, Crackertown (51% native-born Floridians) went 52 to 47 for Kennedy, while Yankeetown (80% transplanted) went 104 to 87 for Nixon.

COLD WAR

West to Freedom

For half an hour the five Communist seamen soaked up the intriguing sights at Klein's, a big, crowded low-price store on Manhattan's Union Square. Reluctantly, they edged toward the door through the

noontime jam. Just before they got outside, one of the sightseers asked his buddies to wait a moment; he wanted to buy some hair tonic. He elbowed back through the crush—and set his course for another exit. Once in the street, he started running. He had no destination, only a direction: west. Victor Jaanimets, 29, Soviet seaman from Estonia, wanted to put all the distance he could between himself and his ship, the Russian liner *Baltika*, which brought Khrushchev to the U.N.

Comrades & Spies. Jaanimets ran himself breathless; then he tried to hail a taxi. He could not make himself understood, either in Estonian or in broken Russian. Desperately he called another cab. This time he got a ride downtown.



SEAMAN JAANIMETS
Half the ship would jump too.

A few minutes later the frightened sailor walked into the White Rose Tavern on Whitehall Street. Almost everyone in the bar was too busy watching the World Series on TV to help. When a ship's cook named Brian Quinn finally gave him a hand, Jaanimets figured he had found a friend. In a mixture of pidgin English, Russian and Estonian, Jaanimets got his message across: he was an Estonian sailor who did not want to go back to Russia. Quinn, who has a couple of Estonian friends, knew what to do. He called the Estonia Relief Committee, let Jaanimets talk on the phone to someone in his own language, then led him to the place.

Taken in tow by the International Rescue Committee, Jaanimets at last felt safe. He had planned his break for three years, he explained, but all Soviet merchant mariners must take their shore leaves in groups and are ordered to keep an eye on each other. Jaanimets had been trusted to work outside Estonia only because he was just nine when the Russians occupied his country and was then considered free from contamination by the pre-Soviet regime. For three years he

waited patiently for *Baltika* to put in at a U.S. port.

Another Hitler. Reassured by U.S. immigration authorities, Jaanimets stubbornly rebuffed Soviet diplomats who tried to get him to change his mind. "Khrushchev is hated where I come from," Jaanimets said. "All of us are under his iron fist. There is no freedom anywhere. We are his slaves. He is another Hitler." Half of *Baltika's* crew, Jaanimets insisted, would have jumped ship with him if they had had the chance.

Baltika's officers seemed to agree with Jaanimets. Passenger Khrushchev tried to make light of the incident ("If he asked me, I would have given him money to use until he found a job"), but sailors armed with rifles began to pace *Baltika's* decks, and shore leaves were canceled. Jaanimets, who was granted political asylum, could only guess what reprisals might be aimed at his mother, four brothers and sister, who still live in Estonia. But he did not regret his decision. "I am not a man of speeches," he said. "I did it that I should no longer be encaged."

At week's end *Baltika* sailed away, without Jaanimets and without Khrushchev & Co., who had already gone home by turhoprob. Instead, *Baltika* had a new cargo: three cars (Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Comet), TV sets, air conditioners and a seven-ton truckload of capitalist loot for VIPs to take back.

SPACE

Three Black Mice

Three black mice named Moe, Sally and Amy were installed in a heavily shielded model of the U.S. man-in-space capsule last week, along with liberal rations of oxygen, oatmeal, peanuts and gelatin and a variety of scientific instruments. Then the capsule itself was placed in the nose cone of an Atlas missile at Cape Canaveral, and the missile lofted 650 miles into space and down the Atlantic toward Ascension Island at speeds reaching 18,000 m.p.h. During the ride, the mice rode into the perilous inner Van Allen radiation belt and were also treated to ten minutes of weightlessness; then they survived a blazing dive back through the earth's atmosphere to a landing 5,000 miles downrange.

In the animal kingdom, Moe, Sally and Amy are junior to the U.S. monkeys Able and Baker, who survived a 1,700-mile space trip in May 1959, but they went farther.⁹ Though they apparently took the trip without noticeable ill effects, scientists plan to study them carefully. Sally and Amy will be mated with Moe, and all three will be mated with other mice. This sort of thing may strike Sally, Amy and Moe as rather tame after all they have been through, but the genetic lessons learned from radiation effects will be valuable for human space travelers.

⁹ And farther out than the Russians' two dogs, Sreika and Irlka, who orbited the earth in August and were recovered safely.

FOREIGN NEWS



KHRUSHCHEV ADDRESSING THE U.N.
A shoe on the tail and a foot in the mouth.

UNITED NATIONS

The Thunder Departs

It took 25 days, and nearly as many tantrums, for Nikita Khrushchev finally to win a vote in the United Nations. In getting his way, Khrushchev banged his fists, took off a shoe and thumped it on his desk, shook a finger under the nose of a Spanish delegate, and harangued the world in a purple-faced passion.

He called names like an angry child. The ten-nation disarmament committee, he said, was a stable with a stench that "an honest man could not breathe"; the Security Council was "a spittoon, even worse than a spittoon—a cuspidor"; Nationalist China was "a corpse we have to cast right out of here, straight to hell." From places and things he descended to personalities: Syngman Rhee was "a throtler and choker of the Korean people," Philippine Delegate Lorenzo Sumulong "a jerk and a lackey," Dag Hammarskjöld "a fool" and President Dwight Eisenhower "a liar." As for the United Nations itself, "the U.N. is the U.S., it's all one; after all, it's a branch of the State Department."

The Knife. Disappointment and near disaster trailed Nikita Khrushchev around the city. He engaged in a TV shouting match with an interviewer nearly as brash as himself—frenetic Producer David Susskind (see *SHOW BUSINESS*). Even Khrushchev's grisly jokes went sour. Asked by newsmen if he had changed his mind on disarmament, Khrushchev produced a pen-knife, said "I have this," and wondered aloud if the knife "could puncture such a sack" as the U.S.'s stout ambassador to the U.N., James J. Wadsworth.

In midweek Khrushchev anxiously nursed forward the one Soviet issue that had any hope of winning a favorable U.N. vote: a resolution demanding immediate freedom for all colonies everywhere. One after another, Afro-Asian delegates

marched to the podium to promise their votes. Then Philippine Delegate Lorenzo Sumulong urged that the resolution be widened to include discussion of "the inalienable right to independence of the peoples of Eastern Europe."

Near panic set in among the Communist delegates. Rumania's Deputy Foreign Minister Eduard Mezincescu popped up on a point of order, and Khrushchev took off his shoe, waved it and pounded it. Then, apparently dissatisfied with Mezincescu's protest, Nikita Khrushchev strode briskly down the aisle to pour vituperation on Sumulong.

The Gavel. When U.S. Delegate Francis O. Wilcox brought up the same unpleasant item of Communist subject nations, Rumania's Mezincescu, clearly feeling he had not been noisy or rude enough



Maiden-Sp. Louis Post Dispatch

before, interrupted with a frenzied, podium-pounding display. He shouted that Assembly President Frederick Boland was partial toward "supporters of the colonialists," and Khrushchev again took off his shoe and thumped his desk with it. To restore order, President Boland pounded his gavel until it broke. "Because of the scene you have just witnessed," Boland coldly told the delegates, "I think the Assembly had better adjourn." It was the most disorderly session in U.N. history, and the first ever to end in mid-speech.

Next morning Khrushchev delightedly awaited his first victory—the vote on the Soviet resolution to debate the colonial question in plenary session. But there were unexpected surprises ahead. Sékou Touré, young (18) President of Guinea, who has brought his country a long way toward the Communist camp, had not been in the Assembly the day before, but he had watched Khrushchev's antics on TV in his hotel room. What he saw shocked him. Canceling his plan to leave the U.S., Sékou Touré telephoned the U.N., asked permission to speak.

The Mission. Touré's speech in French was eloquent. He spoke directly to "the Rumanian delegate and the group to which he belongs," appealed for Communists to recognize that the U.N. ideal is "freedom, the right of every people to self-determination," and he demanded that the Communists should quit smothering the debate "with propaganda." The end of colonialism, said Touré, "is imperative and irreversible. Therefore, why not do it in an atmosphere of understanding and collaboration," instead of "trying to feed the fires of discontent and disturbance in this place and that, with the results we all know these troubles produce: mounting casualty lists, the engendering of hatred, deepening lack of understanding, and the digging of a grave for history." He prayed that U.N. action would demonstrate that "the General Assembly is located near a statue, the Statue of Liberty," which represents "not American liberty alone, but liberty for all peoples and all men."

The entire Assembly roared its applause. Touré was followed by Nepal's Rishikesh Shaha, who declared his concern over "all this sound and fury, all these ugly gestures." He warned that Asia and Africa would "not be bullied by gestures of superiority," which were "insulting to our intelligence."

Last Words. Khrushchev sobered. His final words were an apology, "Goodbye," he said. "I crave your indulgence for occasionally speaking out of turn. I offended the delegate from the Philippines. He offended me. He is an old parliamentarian and I am a young one. Nepal, too, gave us good lessons in parliamentarianism. By the way, is there a Parliament in Nepal? I will have to look it up in my geography book when I get home. But this is not relevant. Goodbye. Thank you."

The stunned and disbelieving Assembly watched him go. An Irish diplomat said, "He is a very difficult man to understand. I imagine it must be a trying ex-

A NEW LOOK AT NEUTRALISM

THE year 1960 may come to be known as the year neutralism became respectable. Only four years ago many a small nation felt required to stand up and be counted, either for or against the U.S. John Foster Dulles, then Secretary of State, condemned "the principle of neutrality [which] pretends that a nation can best gain safety for itself by being indifferent to the fate of others." Such neutralism, warned Dulles, "except under very exceptional circumstances, is an immoral and shortsighted conception."

Today the U.S. position has radically changed. In Washington last week President Dwight Eisenhower told the delegates of 15 new African nations: "We do not urge—indeed we do not desire—that you should belong to one camp or the other. You cannot afford to waste your money, which is needed to build the hospitals, the schools, the roads that your people need—you cannot afford to put that money into costly armaments."

Tender Grass. This was heartening news for the world's neutrals who, in the words of a Burmese diplomat, have sometimes felt like "the tender grass between the feet of two savage buffaloes locked in mortal combat." At this U.N. session the neutralist nations have thrown themselves between the colossi of East and West in the prayerful hope of ending the cold war. Feelings of alarm swept the uncommitted countries at the table thumpings and rocket rattlings of Nikita Khrushchev. They were dismayed by the parliamentary maneuvering of the U.S., which saw no advantage to "renewed" talks between Eisenhower and Khrushchev. The neutrals have made their weight felt, no longer consider themselves mere spear carriers but movers and shakers.

The neutrals form a U.N. majority of the center, but a negative one. Having little in common except neutrality. Some, like Togo, Gabon and Congo, are just emerging from the jungle. Others, like India and Thailand and Burma, feel themselves heirs to ancient civilizations. Sweden and Norway are welfare states with highly developed technologies, while Afghanistan and Nepal have only begun to brush aside the mists of feudalism. Secretary of State Christian Herter recently, and unnecessarily, abandoned Ghana and Guinea to the Communist camp. Nikita Khrushchev sneers at the Philippines and Argentina as U.S. puppets.

Whatever their differences in outlook, the nations of the center cling to three beliefs: 1) they see the U.N. as the bulwark of their independence, 2) they fear nuclear doom from the angry opposition of East and West, 3) they do not want to be pushed around by the great powers. The Big Five of neutralism—Tito of Yugoslavia, Nehru of India, Nkrumah of Ghana, Nasser of Egypt, Sukarno of Indonesia—are magnetic, colorful and messianic personalities, but too much so. The most effective work has often been done by second-echelon diplomats: men like Burma's U Thant, Nepal's Rishikesh Shah and Tunisia's Mongi Slim.

The usual mark of the neutral is to abstain on issues tied closely to the cold war. When the Soviet Union moved to debate the flights of the U-2 and RB-47, the U.S. won the balloting 54 to 10, but one third of the U.N. membership abstained, including countries generally considered pro-Western (Austria, Ethiopia, Lebanon, Liberia).

On the Fence. Washington itself has moved closer to Britain's always pragmatic attitude that, as long as there are fences, there will be fence-sitters and each should be dealt with in terms of his size, influence and fence-sitting position. The British felt that Dulles' "Neutrality is immoral" policy was unnecessarily dogmatic. Some Britons now think Eisenhower has gone unnecessarily far in the other direction by urging neutrality on the African states. Complained one: "We didn't bring Nigeria up to be neutral, and we bloody well don't want her to be neutral."

Four years ago the U.S. was anxiously instructing all the world's neutrals in the dangers of Communism, worriedly warned that the devious Communists would worm their way into any neutralist regime and make off with it. The U.S. has learned that a strong nationalist government, firmly rooted in its own people, can defend itself against Communism's blandishments and pressures, not on behalf of the West but on its own behalf. In their turn, neutralists have watched Communism operate, and learned to be wary. India has learned that Red China talks peace but grabs off border lands that have been traditionally Indian. After the Suez invasion, Egypt's Nasser accepted the embrace of the Russian bear and has been warily disentangling himself ever since. Iraq's Karim Kassem cut his nation adrift from the pro-Western Baghdad Pact and welcomed Russian aid. He soon found the Communists were using the situation to dislodge him from power, and has cracked down on domestic Reds and grown more standoffish with the Soviets.

The U.S. now even seems to encourage independence in the Communist camp itself. In the opinion of one State Department official, Tito of Yugoslavia "is the Martin Luther of Communism and it is to our interest to see that kind of Protestantism flourish. We want to make sure Tito stays independent." Last week Poland's Gomulka left Manhattan for home, with a promise of a renewal of the most-favored nation status, which has been suspended since 1951.

The Tilt. Do alliances then no longer matter? In general terms, the U.S. would like to keep decisively on its side those nations which border the vast Communist heartland and which present the first barrier against Red seepage. Those nations are most threatened, and their fate is most crucial to the free world. Said the Philippines' Chief Delegate Francisco Delgado: "We cannot all be neutrals. Some of us have to perform the unpleasant and even dangerous duty of helping to keep the scales of power in equilibrium. The moment these scales are badly tilted one way or the other, the neutrals are not only out of business, but war becomes inevitable." U.S. concern with Laos results from the fear that, should it fall into Communist hands, Thailand and all Southeast Asia would be instantly threatened.

The neutralism that the U.S. is learning to accept is of the sort the U.S. itself practiced during its early days as a nation; that beneficial isolation which relieves new countries of the risks of associating themselves with big power rivalries. It does not mean neutralism that sees no difference between democracy and Communism. It does mean that the U.S. can support the noncommitment expressed by one Indonesian: "We are not neutralist; we are independent."

TUNISIA'S SLIM



GUINEA'S TOURE



BURMA'S U THANT



NEPAL'S SHAHA



perience for him to appear in this kind of a parliamentary body. He is used to making speeches to unanimous audiences which give him nothing but applause." Another neutral delegate added, "I suppose he really thought he could take the U.N. by storm, especially the uncommitted nations. But he ended up with a left-wing African publicly criticizing him, and the Assembly applauding the criticism."

The Sausages. Nikita Khrushchev's most effective and dismaying speech was delivered earlier in the week to a partially filled Assembly and a nearly empty press box. Ostensibly, his speech was a plea for "complete and immediate" disarmament, but it came out as a threat. His words dropped heavily into the hushed chamber beside the East River: "We will not be bullied, we will not be scared. Our economy is flowering, our technology is on a steep upturn, our working class is united in full solidarity. You want to compete with us in the arms race? We will beat you in that. Production of rockets is now a matter of mass delivery—like sausages that come out of an automatic machine."

Now he was waving his stubby arms. "Of course, you are going to complain all over the place," Khrushchev is threatening. Well, he is not threatening. He is really predicting the future. . . . The arms race will go on, and this will bring about war, and in that war you will lose, and many of those sitting here will not be found any longer—and not many, but perhaps all. You are accustomed to listen to words that lull you. But, as for Khrushchev, I do not wish to pat your heads when the world is on the verge of catastrophe. You want to listen to pleasant words. Well, if these words are unpleasant, that means I have achieved my purpose. That is exactly what I intended."

As a result of that display, there will be great pressure this year, especially from the small, uncommitted neutrals, for quick agreement on disarmament—with or without foolproof controls. Said a senior delegate: "The picture that Mr. Khrushchev drew of rockets coming out of Russian factories like sausages is a terrible picture of the arms race. It has deeply impressed most delegates. I think it has increased the feeling of alarm and urgency about the cold war."

As Nikita Khrushchev's huge, white Tupolev turboprop last week made the nonstop flight from New York to Moscow, millions in the West were relieved that the long, intemperate harangue was over. U.S. Delegate James Wadsworth pointed out that Khrushchev "once again has laid down the gauntlet and said to 98 other countries here, 'You should do it my way or not at all.'"

In Moscow the crowds were out, and the Communist daily *Pravda* sang its hosannas for the returning hero, even if no one in the U.N. had. Western leaders, crowed *Pravda*, wanted to make the U.N. "the world's quietest waters," but they "wriggled as the head of the Soviet delegation, brushing aside all the subtleties of protocol, put his foot on their tail."

ALBANIA

Odd Man Out

Among the gaggle of satellite Communist bosses trotting at Nikita Khrushchev's heels in Manhattan, one was conspicuously odd man out. Red Premier Mehmet Shehu of Albania was not on the *Baltika's* passenger list, got to Manhattan as an ordinary passenger on the S.S. *Queen Elizabeth*. At a Communist Czech reception, Shehu stood forlornly in a corner, studiously avoided by everybody except the State Department security man assigned as his bodyguard. And when, at a party given by the Rumanian Reds, Khrushchev took his satellite cronies into a back room for a chat, the door was shut in Shehu's face as he started to follow them.

Shehu seems to have asked for it. Albania is the one European satellite which seems to have chosen Peking in the intramural ideological conflict between Russia and Red China. In June, when Khrushchev summoned all the satellite party chiefs to Bucharest to ratify his policy of "peaceful" coexistence, Albanian Party Secretary Enver Hoxha was the only top Communist boss missing. At the U.N., Shehu was noticeably more voracious than Khrushchev in speaking up for admission of Red China, impudently echoing Red China's scornful charge that Russian Communism is losing its ideological militancy because it is afraid of nuclear war. And Albania was the only one of Europe's Communist nations to send a special representative to Peking for this month's eleventh anniversary celebration of Red China's revolution.

Just why tiny (10,630 sq. mi.) Albania, which has less area than West Virginia and fewer people than Detroit, should take Red China's part against the Russians is something of a mystery. Part of the answer may be its poverty; Albania has only

5,000 cars, trucks and buses, like Red China feels the need of keeping the class war at fever pitch to keep her people from rebelling against austerity. But another reason is historical and geographical accident: Tito's Yugoslavia, Albania's arch-enemy and neighbor, is currently the favorite target for Chinese criticism, and Albania may figure that "the enemy of my enemy is my friend." Oddly enough, Tito's Communist independence gives Albania its opportunity to be a little independent of Moscow. Since Tito broke with the Kremlin in 1948, Albania has been physically isolated from the other satellites, cut off from Russia by Yugoslavia and Greece. Part of Albania's interest in Red China may be crassly financial: to minimize Albania's exclusive financial dependence on Russia, Red China last year made Albania a \$5.5 million interest-free loan.

LAOS

The Alarmed View

A tableau at Vientiane airport last week demonstrated a classic example of the U.S. quandary in dealing with neutrals (see box). U.S. Assistant Secretary of State J. Graham Parsons flew into the Laotian capital and was met by a single protocol officer and a handful of U.S. newsmen. Next day, Soviet Ambassador Aleksandr Abramov stepped from his plane to be greeted by a U.S.-trained honor guard and a line of kneeling girls in sarongs who offered him silver bowls heaped with flowers. Also amiably on hand to greet the Russian: slim Captain Kong Le, Laos' current hero, whose military coup in August overthrew the pro-Western government and brought to power neutralist Premier Souvanna Phouma. Captain Kong Le is so politically innocent that he had to ask a Western journalist what was meant by "neutralism."

In the past five years, the U.S. has poured \$300 million in military and economic aid into primitive, sporadic Laos to prop up a succession of anti-Communist governments and to help fend off the skulking guerrillas of the Communist Pathet Lao. About all that remains of that policy and all those millions is anti-Communist General Phoumi Nosavan, who is nursing his pride in southern Laos after taking a shelling from Kong Le's paratroopers.

Diplomat Parsons reportedly warned Premier Souvanna that there would be no resumption of U.S. military aid if he persisted in bringing the Pathet Lao into a coalition government. Shrugged the Premier: "If the U.S. doesn't like our neutrality, we will have to seek aid elsewhere." Parsons reminded the Premier that the Communists "are not interested in neutral governments, only in having Communist governments."

Laos is exactly the kind of case where the U.S. can view neutrality only with alarm. It is on the frontier of the free world. It has a big Communist movement, which can be and is supplied from neighboring Communist states. Red China



Alfred Eisenstaedt-Lia
ALBANIA'S SHEHU (AT MANHATTAN PARTY)
The poorest was most isolated.



ASSASSIN YAMAGUCHI & VICTIM ASANUMA
Out of a feudal past, a savage tradition.

Mamoru Shobun

and North Viet Nam. Its own government has little real popular backing (no government has in backward Laos, where there are few roads or telephones and no national newspaper). It is not strong enough or sophisticated enough to resist if Communists should worm their way into the Cabinet and attempt a *Putsch*.

If Laos' fall affected no one but itself, it might not matter. But on the tense border between Communism and the free world, only the strong can be truly neutral. The U.S. worry about Laos was not over its neutrality but its strength.

JAPAN

By the Sword

Death was a television spectacle of horror in Japan last week. Before TV cameras, nearly all Japan's top politicians were gathered together on the same platform in Tokyo's Hibiya Hall. There was conservative Premier Hayato Ikeda, Democratic Socialist Leader Suehiro Nishio and Socialist Party Chairman Inejiro Asanuma. They were there to debate the issues with each other publicly, to open the general campaigning for next month's elections.

Bayonet-like Blade. The first speaker was bull-necked Asanuma, who lumbered to the rostrum a few moments after 3 p.m., and in a deep, rasping voice began denouncing Japan's much-debated security pact with the U.S. Hecklers of a Nazi-style group called the Great Japan Patri-

ots' Party showered the stage with leaflets and shouted "Shut up, Communist" and "Banzai the U.S.A." Asanuma ignored them. As he went on speaking, a youth leaped onto the stage. He was wearing boots, a student's high-collared black uniform and a thick jacket. He clutched a slightly curved sword with a bayonet-like blade a foot long. Catching sight of the youth racing toward him, Asanuma raised his left hand, almost as in a benediction. Then his eyes widened and his mouth opened in horror when he turned his head and saw the sword. Holding the sword in a two-handed samurai-style grip, the youth rammed into Asanuma like a blocking back, plunging the blade deep into Asanuma's 225-lb. bulk. It pierced his lower abdomen and liver. The thudding collision sent Asanuma's speech notes sailing through the air, jarred off the student's glasses. Then, in a kind of macabre dance, dying politician and youthful assassin fell away from each other. The observant camera caught it all.

Asanuma stumbled, his huge face contorted in agony. The youth whirled, took a fresh grip on the sword, and made a second thrust into the left side of Asanuma's chest. As horrified onlookers grabbed the assassin, Asanuma wobbled, then collapsed. He was rushed in a police car to a nearby hospital, but he was dead on arrival.

Ironically, Asanuma was largely responsible for creating the atmosphere of violence that has recently plagued Japanese

politics. A rabble-rouser who never tired of praising Red China, or of calling the U.S. "the common enemy of China and Japan," Asanuma organized the snake-dancing demonstrations that kept President Eisenhower away from Japan last June. Since then, ex-Premier Nobusuke Kishi and Socialist Jotaro Kawakami have both been stabbed by fanatics. This did not deter the Socialists from launching further violent demonstrations. Crying "Down with Ikeda," left-wing Zenakuren students charged police barricades at the Diet, began their ritualistic snake dance before the Premier's official residence.

At police headquarters, the assassin calmly identified himself as Otoya Yamaguchi, 17, told detectives his only regret was failing to kill Communist Sanzo Nosaka and Japan Teachers' Union Chairman Takeshi Kobayashi as well as Asanuma. He had planned to bag all three. The sword, he explained, was a *wakizashi*, the kind worn by samurai until 1876, when the government forbade people to carry them. He had found it only the week before in the bottom of his father's closet.

Fanatic Past. The assassin's father, Colonel Shimpei Yamaguchi, resigned from the army but defended his son, saying: "A rightist is better than a leftist." Great Japan Patriots' Party Leader Bin Akao, whose hero is Hitler, praised young Yamaguchi as "a paragon of Japanese virtue," and called Asanuma's end a "heaven-sent punishment." Hundreds of mourners burned incense before a shrine

set up in the yard of Asanuma's Tokyo home, and the Socialists plainly hope to use his murder to gain them votes in the election.

Despite all the benefits of democratic government, Asia's highest literacy rate and the world's fastest-growing economy, Japan still often seems a nation with one foot planted in the fanatic past. Chief worry of responsible Japanese is that Asanuma's murder may be only the first of a renewed wave of political killings in a country where, before the war, political assassination was almost a tradition.

TURKEY

The Shaggy-Dog Case

For months the Turkish army regime has labored like so many busy Hollywood stagehands. They were preparing a vast public trial of the civilians they ousted from power. President Celal Bayar and Premier Adnan Menderes. Last week, on the fortress island of Yassıada in the Sea of Marmara, in a converted basketball court where Turkish recruits once sweated and exercised, the show began.

Doggy Details. First in the dock was ex-President Bayar, 77, still haggard from his suicide attempt last month. Bayar, onetime comrade-in-arms of the late great Kemal Atatürk, was charged with treason for ruling dictatorially in violation of the Turkish constitution. But the army regime was first anxious to destroy whatever prestige Bayar still has, and it began with an accusation astonishingly petty. On a state visit to Afghanistan, Bayar had received an Afghan hound as a present from the King. He brought it back to Turkey and put it into the Ankara zoo. Subsequently, says the prosecution, he arranged with Agriculture Minister Nedim Ökmen, who had charge of the zoo, for the government to buy the dog for \$2,200, and gave the money to minor politicians to build a village fountain. The prosecution alleges that 1) the dog already belonged to the state because Bayar got it on an official visit, and 2) its actual worth was a mere \$100.*

Scheduled to follow Bayar was former Premier Adnan Menderes, a hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked wreck of his once plump and sleek self. In a barely audible voice he earlier told the court he had been kept in solitary confinement for more than four months, had been allowed only 27 minutes with a defense lawyer two days before the trial. Complained Menderes: "My nerves are shattered." The main charge against him was "activities contrary to the constitution." But the first specific was that he had fathered a child by a Turkish opera singer, and then had given orders to kill the baby in the hospital delivery room.

Midnight Rider. In choosing these tactics, the army reformers frankly confessed they still fear Menderes' great popular fol-



EX-PRESIDENT BAYAR
Haunted by a hound.

lowing. "After all," said a worried junta spokesman, "more than 4,000,000 Turks voted for these people." In remote Anatolian villages, the junta claims, the peasants still believe that Menderes at midnight mounts a white horse and rides over the country consoling his followers. One night he changed to a black steed, and the next day a notorious Menderes enemy was struck dead. Explained one Istanbul editor: "If we told our illiterate masses that Bayar and Menderes trampled on the constitution, they would think it was some kind of a rug." The junta figures that any Turk will understand Afghan hounds and pregnant mistresses. The question is whether the rest of the world will understand Turkish justice.



EX-PREMIER MENDERES
Plagued by a pregnancy.

THE ATOM

Loose in the World

The world got a piece of bad news: a scientist—a West German scientist—has devised a small, cheap machine that may make it possible soon for practically any country to make its own nuclear bomb (SEE SCIENCE).

The disclosure catches a bemused mankind, 15 years after Hiroshima, still without any sort of international control on manufacture of atomic weapons. Unable to agree on anything else, the U.S., Russia, Britain and France have been content to rest their atomic monopoly on the prohibitive cost and inordinate difficulty of building the monster gaseous-diffusion plants and plutonium-yielding reactors in which they carry out large-scale production of fissionable materials. Now the West German scientific breakthrough appears to have smashed that barrier and opened the way to atoms for anybody with the technologists competent to handle them.

Last week the U.S. asked West Germany (which is forbidden by treaty to allow manufacture of atomic bombs) to classify the newest design as secret. But scientists say that the secret is already out. The Brazilian atomic energy commission already owns three early models of the West German machine, and an Amsterdam professor is designing others "for commercial purposes." When the U.N. Political Committee takes up the subject of disarmament this week, there should be a new urgency about the Big Four at last reaching agreement on controlling the atom.

RUSSIA

Don't Shoot

In between rocket-rattling sessions, Nikita Khrushchev sometimes shows a genuine fear of nuclear war and no longer argues that only the other side would get hurt. This more considered position seems to be the cold calculation of the Soviet military itself, to judge by an article published in Moscow's monthly *International Life* by Major General Nikolai Talensky of the Soviet General Staff. Writes General Talensky:

❑ "There is no practical way to repulse a nuclear rocket attack."

❑ "A nuclear war will destroy whole countries and populations . . . The loss would be no less than 500 to 600 million people."

❑ "Surprise attack undoubtedly has its advantages . . . However, the opportunity of an answering blow remains. [Thus] nuclear war is not only extraordinarily dangerous for the victim, but it is also suicide for the aggressor himself."

❑ "Local wars were possible in past centuries . . . War, in reality, has become either a prelude to world war, or, in its own way, the end of world war."

All of which led General Talensky to a reversal of Clausewitz's dictum ("War is a mere continuation of policy by other means"). Wrote Talensky: "The process

* Shaggy-haired Afghan hounds were originally bred as royal hunting dogs. U.S. Afghan fanciers say that \$2,200 is not excessive for a Basmachi hound.

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of development of the technique of destroying peoples makes it impossible now to use weapons for the solution of political tasks . . . War as an instrument of policy is becoming outdated . . .

THE ALLIES

Plain Words

The U.S. is more concerned about President Charles de Gaulle's stubborn efforts to revise the character of Europe's defenses than it lets on. So is De Gaulle's Western European partner, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.

The communiqué issued last week after meetings in Bonn between Adenauer and French Premier Michel Debré implied as usual that differences had been reconciled and agreement reached on the importance of NATO as "the basis of European security." But according to confidential diplomatic reports, it was not like that at all.

Dispatch from Grenoble. Even as the two men rode into Bonn from the airport, Adenauer began denouncing De Gaulle's policy of building an independent national defense as "catastrophic." Said Adenauer: "For eleven years I have been explaining to Germany that the future can only be in a united Europe, that its defense cannot be assumed by an independent army and that therefore Germans can only be soldiers of the West—the Atlantic organization. And now if De Gaulle tells the Germans that the integration of Germany into Western Europe and NATO doesn't mean anything, you will launch Germany into nationalism and neutralism. If you want to make a third force in Europe, independent of the U.S., with a French atomic bomb, then the Americans will end by leaving Europe, and then we shall have everything to fear."

That afternoon Debré was still trying to explain that De Gaulle really wants to strengthen rather than weaken NATO when a messenger brought in a dispatch. Adenauer read it and, says a Frenchman, stood petrified, "a hard look in his Mongolian eyes." It was a news agency report of De Gaulle's speech at Grenoble demanding a veto for France on allied use of the nuclear bomb anywhere (TIME, Oct. 17). Pointing at the offending passage, he asked Debré: "What does this mean? If Khrushchev unleashes his rockets on us, must the allies remain paralyzed until France makes its decision?"

It took all Debré's persuasiveness to calm the Chancellor down. What De Gaulle meant, he argued, was that he did not want to start a war and was asking for a French veto to be sure no one else did. If the West was attacked, naturally there would not be time to invoke a veto, and De Gaulle was not asking for such a privilege.

At the end of a long dinner, Adenauer was sufficiently mollified, but his toast was a pointed answer to De Gaulle: "One must rise above national egoisms. The German people are convinced that they have started, with the French nation, on

a way that will allow them to get away from narrow nationalism. Europe can survive only if it is incorporated in a vaster community, the Atlantic community." Debré replied soothingly: "It is important that the French should have the feeling that there is no peace, no freedom, no future, if France and Germany do not defend the same cause."

Letter from Washington. Adenauer was not ready to leave the issue papered over. In the midst of the talks next morning, he suddenly pulled out a letter from President Eisenhower. The letter, as Adenauer read it, said that integration of military command and close cooperation between Western European

FRANCE

Days Are Numbered

There was a slow-gathering presentiment of crisis in France. President de Gaulle himself seemed to share it, for a new note crept into his discourses. He talked of "the abyss at our feet" if France were disunited. To a rain-soaked crowd at Chambéry in the foothills of the Alps, he appealed in almost anguished tones for national unity. "I have no other reason for being, you well know, than this unity. I am in a way the symbol of it, the guarantee; events have willed it so. It is the service that I can perform in the days which remain to me and which



DE GAULLE & CROWD IN CHAMBERY

"I have no other reason for being than this unity."

countries and the U.S. are the two principles of NATO policy. As a necessary condition for maintaining the U.S. presence in Europe, it fixed an indispensable minimum proportion of European to U.S. troops within NATO. This minimum, the letter said, had not been maintained. This was a clear reference to De Gaulle's withdrawal of most French troops from the NATO command for service in the Algeria war.

The French were flouted, "American troops," declared Debré, when he had pulled himself together, "are absolutely necessary in Europe, and we want to avoid anything that could lead to an American withdrawal."

Far from smoothing over differences, the Bonn meeting emphasized the real discord De Gaulle has brought to the Western alliance by his dream of a new French grandeur and his demand for an atomic striking force of his own. The answer may well be a plan proposed by SHAPE Commander Lauris Norstad last week to create a nuclear deterrent force within NATO made up presumably of land- and sea-based units manned by Europeans but commanded by Americans.

for me are numbered. I ask of the French that they support me and help me, not to tear themselves apart in passions and excesses of opposition."

Uneasy Consciences. Approaching 70, De Gaulle is showing the strain of gathering burdens—in red-rimmed eyes sunk deep into their sockets, in the sagging greenness of flesh on his jaws, in the thickness of his voice. He is under the sharpest attack since he returned to power in 1958. In trying to settle the Algeria problem, he has not finally quelled the discontent in the restive army, and now pressures are rising in France—from political parties, trade unions and intellectuals—to start political and military talks with the Algerians at once, without waiting, as De Gaulle once insisted, for the rebels first "to check their knives in the cloakroom." Expressing the uneasiness of French youth about bearing arms in the sixth year of the Algerian war, the teachers' union issued a manifesto that "the problem of youth has now become the problem of the nation." Young Frenchmen have gone to jail for aiding the rebel FLN. Lyons' Cardinal Gerlier asked prayers to end "the devastating war in Algeria and the terrible

problems it poses to the consciences of many, particularly among the young."

In Paris a coolly hostile National Assembly met to hear De Gaulle's ministers explain his project to create an independent \$1.2 billion French nuclear force. To complaints that the plan was too dear, too meager and, above all, too disruptive of vital European defense unity, Premier Michel Debré replied plaintively: "France is not going toward isolationism, toward neutralism." But since De Gaulle's constitution empowers him to dissolve the Assembly and call new elections if his wish is not granted, the bill was likely to pass.

Uncertain Confidence. In the late Fourth Republic, such parliamentary resistance to De Gaulle's demand for an independent deterrent force would have brought down the government. In the Fifth Republic, the danger lies outside Parliament—the loss of confidence in De Gaulle himself. So far, De Gaulle's answer to opposition has been to make frequent tours of the country, presenting himself in a virtual continuous popular referendum that he has no trouble winning. But even De Gaulle has sensed discontent in the air, and politicians who accompanied him on Tour No. 12 to eastern France came away persuaded that the President will soon propose "something" to end the Algerian deadlock.

MIDDLE EAST

Man's Job

Still racing at the assassination of their Prime Minister, which they blame on Nasser's "hirelings," the Jordanian authorities at first were prepared to deal harshly with the pilot of the U.A.R. jet who swooped helplessly down to an emergency bellylanding near Amman after reconnoitering along Jordan's frontier. But the Syrian lad who climbed out of the cockpit seemed too young to be shot, too honest and helpful even to punish severely. Instead, the Jordanians decided that Lieut. Adnan Madani, 24, would make a useful propaganda weapon to embarrass Gamal Abdel Nasser. By trotting Madani out as a "defector," Jordan could "prove" that Syrians were unhappy in Nasser's U.A.R.

While the Amman radio beat the drums with promises of "big news" about the case (and Cairo Radio mumbled embarrassedly), Lieut. Madani had the run of the air force base where he was detained, eating at the officers' mess and sharing a room with a Jordanian air force officer in genial camaraderie. He seemed cheerfully prepared to cooperate, and the Jordanians happily scheduled a big conference where Madani was to be put on show as a Nasser spy in the sky. But early that afternoon he excused himself from the group of officers chatting at the club, explaining that he had forgotten to get something in his room. Moments later, a shot rang out, and rushing up, the Jordanians were horrified to find Madani dead on the floor of his room, a bullet through his temple, a pistol at his side.

Shocked officials summoned three doc-



LUMUMBA ON CONGO FORAY
After the beer, a wild challenge.

tors as witnesses, urged a U.A.R. diplomat to come and see for himself the genuineness of the suicide. But Cairo now had another tune to play. Nasser's radio hurled charges of murder, suggesting that King Hussein's brother and uncle personally ordered the shooting. When Jordan's embarrassed funeral cortege reached the Syrian frontier to turn the body back, U.A.R. guards swept the Jordanian wreaths into the roadside dust. In Damascus and Cairo the U.A.R.'s propagandists and patriots staged a triumphant demonstration for the boy who, rather than embarrass his country, had chosen death.

CONGO

A Night on the Town

For days Patrice Lumumba prowled the balcony of the Premier's residence, staring down at the U.N. troops that guarded it. "Neutralized" by Military Boss Joseph Mobutu and threatened with arrest by President Joseph Kasavubu, Lumumba commanded only the residence he lived in. Last week he decided to venture out to tour the town. Despite the guards, the getaway was simple. Lumumba arranged for friends to send over three American cars, and everybody piled in for an evening of fun and politicking at the Leopoldville bars and nightclubs.

Just Like Gandhi. At the first stop, Lumumba ordered six cases of beer and distributed them with a free hand to all comers. Moving to another nightspot, he gaily twirled a comely Congolese lass around the dance floor, then prevailed on her to join his touring troupe. Someone in the group produced a bottle of Grand Marnier, and from then on the gulps of beer were alternated with slugs of orange liqueur. By the time Lumumba and friends weaved into the lounge at the Hotel Régina several drinks later, the

whole party was flying high. As astonished diners gaped and journalists grabbed for their pencils, Lumumba cried: "I am going out of my house tonight to die like Gandhi . . . If I die, it will be because the whites have paid a black man to kill me . . . I made Kasavubu head of state; now he is nothing but an outlaw. Mobutu is an imperialist, a fascist." Later he told the newsmen: "You journalists, you can go anywhere. Fetch Kasavubu. Fetch Mobutu. Tell them Lumumba challenges them to a duel!" Then Lumumba's voice fell to a mumble, and he tottered off to bed, muttering: "Tomorrow I will die with the people, I will be the people's hostage."

Sputtering with rage, Colonel Mobutu sent 200 troops next morning to ring Lumumba's "official" residence. "Lumumba has thrown down a challenge to me and I have accepted it," said Mobutu. "Lumumba must be arrested." When the U.N. troops at Lumumba's door refused him entry, Mobutu raced off to have a bitter argument with U.N. Chief Rajeshwar Dayal, who feared the U.N.'s sternly neutral reputation would be jeopardized if he handed Lumumba over to his enemies. From Manhattan, the U.N. Secretary-General firmly backed Dayal's stand.

Dozing on the Lawn. In the Congo, the rule seems to be: when in doubt, issue an ultimatum. This time the ultimatum came from Justin Bomboko, once Lumumba's foreign minister and now head of the high commissioners temporarily in charge of Mobutu's government. Warned Bomboko: "If tomorrow morning the U.N. has not delivered up Lumumba to the Congolese National Army, the army will assume its responsibilities. If we fight the U.N., well, we fight the U.N. We have delayed long enough." But as usual in the Congo, when the zero hour arrived, nothing happened. Mobutu and

his men backed down, and the threatening Congolese soldiers at Lumumba's house relaxed their trigger fingers and began to doze on the lawn.

Soon Lumumba's scheming friends were again slipping in for conferences with their leader. Almost immediately trouble began in the streets. In the heart of the city a carload of Lumumba men jumped on three of Mobutu's high commissioners, carrying two of them off, beating the other with fists and stones. Three hundred Lumumba demonstrators marched on U.N. headquarters, disbanded only when Congolese police moved in, swinging rifle butts and clubs.

Rumors spread that Lumumba was preparing a major bid to regain power. The harassed Colonel Mobutu, who celebrated his 30th birthday last week, had his own troubles: 120 paratroops he had ordered to Léopoldville to help arrest Lumumba declared themselves fed up with the capital's confusion, and despite Mobutu's pleas, went back to their camp at Thysville.

As long as the embattled contenders refused to negotiate with each other and the U.N. prevented them from eliminating each other, no decision seemed in sight. Thus the U.N., by its even-handed impartiality, found itself unhappily helping to perpetuate the Congo's empty, dangerous drift.

CENTRAL AFRICA

Collapsing Bastion

Nigeria, Ghana and Guinea were easy to set free: they were almost all black. The first big bastion of white strength to meet the full onslaught of Africa's wind of change was Britain's sprawling Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, a seven-year-old amalgam that the more populous blacks disliked from the start.



MACLEOD
Determined.

London Daily Express

Despite wave after wave of African protest riots, the federation's 297,000 whites, outnumbered 26 to 1, held on grimly in the conviction that federal unity is the very foundation of white rule. Late last year, worried Mother Britain appointed the 26-member Monckton Commission to recommend constitutional changes designed to salvage the federation. Last week the commission's report was published, and the federation's whites angrily concluded that Britain was about to sell them out.

The Monckton report flatly urges that the federation's present central structure be wiped away. In its place would be a loose association of three semi-autonomous territories—Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The central government would retain control only of foreign policy, defense, and broad economic matters. The new territories would have power to levy taxes of their own.

Voting Parity. Under liberal new voting rules, African majorities would be almost guaranteed in Northern Rhodesia



(73,000 whites, 2,280,000 blacks) and Nyasaland (9,000 whites, 2,750,000 blacks); only Southern Rhodesia's 215,000 whites (v. 2,630,000 blacks) could be reasonably sure of continued domination—for a time.

In the federal legislature, blacks would get equal representation with whites. Also proposed was an ironclad prohibition of racial discrimination in the future. Worst of all, in the eyes of the federation's shocked whites, was the suggestion that any one of the three territories should be permitted to secede completely after a five or seven-year trial period of the new system.

The Monckton group included secession only as a "safety valve" and clearly expressed its hope that no state would opt out. But portly Federal Prime Minister Sir Roy Welensky was outraged that the word had even been mentioned. The Monckton report is "the death knell of federation," he snapped. "I and my colleagues reject it out of hand." Most white Rhodesians agreed. But no matter what the whites said or thought, Britain was



WELENSKY
Outraged.

clearly determined to make drastic changes when all sides sat down to discuss the new constitution in December. Addressing the Tories' national convention at Scarborough last week, Colonial Secretary Iain Macleod declared: "I cannot promise you a popular colonial policy, but this is the road we must walk, and we can walk no other."

Macleod knows that it is already dangerously late to begin making concessions to Central Africa's restive Africans and hard enough to persuade black leaders to accept even the Monckton Commission's daring proposals. Sniffed Southern Rhodesia's African Nationalist Leader Joshua Nkomo: "Five or ten years ago, this would have been attractive; today it is nothing." Says Aleke Banda, secretary general of the Nyasaland Malawi Congress Party: "We want to secede now, not in five years. We are not concerned with what the Monckton Commission says. It is just a waste of time." Said Northern Rhodesia's powerful Kenneth Kaunda: "So far as we are concerned, the issue is 'Away with federation now.'"

As they spoke, white police patrolled the native locations in Salisbury and Bulawayo, clearing the debris of days of rioting in which a dozen had died and scores were injured. The immediate cause of the trouble had been wage demands, but the politicians noted that the loudest shouts from the mobs were the black man's words for freedom: "Congo!" and "Kwaca!" The Southern Rhodesia government replied at week's end by moving in battalions of troops and by banning all public meetings among Africans until further notice.

Who has lived in exile in Britain ever since Southern Rhodesian police arrested all the top leaders of his party early last year.

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Return of the Firing Squad

The U.S. went before the United Nations last week to set the record straight on Fidel Castro's "malicious innuendoes and distortions of history" in his 4½-hour harangue before the world body last month. In a 10,000-word paper, each of Castro's 19 major complaints was thoroughly answered. To Castro's charge that the capitalist U.S. "cannot propose a plan for public investment," the U.S. replied that it "contributes more to economic development of other countries than any other government in the world..." To his complaint that the U.S. shelters war criminals, it answered that great numbers have indeed fled Castro's Cuba, but "they do not enjoy protection against criminal charges of murder or any other extraditable crime."

Trial by Night. As the U.S. answered Castro's shrill accusations, it got some backing from an unexpected source. In Manhattan, Ambassador Teresa Casuso, a longtime friend of Castro's, and Cuba's alternate U.N. delegate, announced bitterly that she had resigned. Said Casuso: "Castro talks in the name of liberating us, but he is a dictator."

The words gained special force last week in the news from Cuba itself. In Santiago, Antonio Zarba, 38, of Somerville, Mass., and 20 Cubans captured after landing on the northeast coast of Oriente province (see map) went on trial before an army tribunal. The next morning Zarba and seven men were dead, gunned down on an army rifle range near San Juan Hill. The remaining 13 drew prison terms up to 30 years. In Santa Clara another 200 rebels, rounded up in the Sierra Escambray, got



an equally swift trial: less than five minutes per man. Verdicts: death for five, jail terms up to 30 years for most of the rest. At week's end two more U.S. survivors of the Oriente landing were captured.

Castro's capture of the 200-odd oppositionists will hurt but will probably not destroy anti-Castro resistance in Cuba. For nearly a year, disillusioned rebels have been drifting back to the hills. They are still unorganized, have no unified chain of command. But last week 500 to 800 men were still in the Escambray, operating in loose guerrilla fashion. And there are other, smaller groups in Pinar del Rio, in Matanzas and in Las Villas provinces.

Morro Flight. The dozen underground civic resistance groups of a few months ago are only now beginning to shake down into two major movements: the Democratic Revolutionary Front, headed by oldtime Auténtico Político Manuel ("Tony") Varona, and the younger, more aggressive People's Revolutionary Movement (MRP) of Manolo Ray, 34. Castro's former Public Works Minister. The Front operates from Miami. But the MRP is headquartered in Havana, where Ray, who went underground Aug. 23, is setting up an organization. A few weeks ago he put his engineer's brain to planning a jail-break from Havana's Morro Castle of 15 imprisoned followers of Major Huber Matos, himself in jail for outspoken anti-Communism. It came off perfectly; last week the 15 made it to Key West.

As Castro's troubles increased, the U.S. pondered ways to put a crimp in the Castro war machine. The U.S. plans an embargo on certain exports, in the name of "economic self-defense." Specifically, the U.S. is increasingly concerned at the vast arms depots (mostly from Belgium and Czechoslovakia) collecting in Cuba, far more than necessary for the island's own self-defense. It therefore wants to limit Cuba's access to such para-military items as auto and aircraft parts, tires, tools, special chemicals, oil-cracking catalysts, etc. It will not issue a blanket embargo (food and medicines will be exempt), but will draw up a list of restricted items, hoping by that means to discourage Castro from launching or backing any further Communist-style adventures in the Caribbean.

To the Promised Land

The U.S. need not worry that a strategic embargo will damage private industry in Cuba. It no longer exists.

After an all-night Cabinet session last week, the government nationalized 382 businesses, including 105 sugar mills, 13 department stores, 18 distilleries, 61 textile factories, eight railways and all banks, save the Royal Bank of Canada and the Bank of Nova Scotia. Next day it abolished ownership of apartment houses in effect, by decreeing that tenants who continued paying rents for another five to 20 years (depending on the building's age) could thereafter take permanent possession.

Thus ended Cuba's long association with free enterprise. Having already expropriated 80% of the \$1 billion U.S. investment in Cuba, the government now dropped the ax directly on local, Cuban-owned businesses. Many had already been intervened, as the phrase goes, on a "temporary" basis; now the Soviet-style takeover was declared irrevocable.

Out Go the Lights. The move will only intensify the chaos in Cuba's economy. For some time Havana has been exchanging its prosperous Western look for Iron-Curtain drab. Shortages, controls and bureaucratic mismanagement are strangling what was once the hemisphere's gayest city. Street lights go out and stay out for lack of light bulbs; hotels are deserted; grocers ingeniously display dwindling stocks to disguise bare shelves, and housewives spend their days in weary search for disappearing necessities, from razor blades to black beans. Now, as TV sets and air conditioners break down, they stay broken for lack of parts. And except for petroleum, which Soviet tankers bring, basic materials such as tinplate and newsprint are in short supply.

Import shortages are only part of the headache. Far worse is the effect of government operation of Cuba's internal commerce. Inept managers are losing more than \$15 million a month in operating once-profitable firms. The giant Institute of Agrarian Reform sent technical ignoramuses to operate flourishing poultry and cattle industries. Result: meatless and



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IBM

they're alike...but how much alike?



chickenless days once weekly and a limit of two eggs per purchaser.

Down Go the Payrolls. Businessmen still ostensibly in control of their enterprises have been living off inventories for the past nine months and are down to bedrock. It would take an estimated \$800 million to replenish their stocks. Forced to retain all their old employees at the oldtime wage rates, many pray for "intervention." Yet the workers who once cried for intervention are no longer so anxious to see the government in command. Planners have a habit of chopping wages and personnel in "the interests of the state." When the Havana Hilton became the Havana Libre and a government enterprise, the payroll was cut 50%. A few weeks ago, 300 employees of a large Havana department store voted on whether to ask for government intervention. The decision: 98% against.

Despite Castro's boast at the U.N. and elsewhere that he has reduced unemployment, some 700,000 workers are jobless, precisely the number under Batista. Downtown Havana's Galiano and Obispo streets are spotted with unemployed trying to peddle combs, hats, cigarettes, small leather goods. Those who have jobs face rugged taxation, even at the lowest unskilled wage level; a 3% income tax, a 4% "voluntary contribution" for industrialization, plus social security, union dues, and one-shot pass-the-hat campaigns cut the average worker's take-home pay 15%.

A few trade unions, e.g., the bus drivers, have tried to resist the government's emasculating of the unions. Onetime Castro Labor Boss David Salvador, ousted for Communist Jesús Soto, has gone underground, but most unions submit quietly, even beat the drums for "voluntary pay reductions" to help the dictatorship.

Inevitably, with government spending running at \$23 to \$25 million monthly and receipts down to \$9,000,000, Castro has turned to the printing presses. Money in circulation has doubled in 22 months of Castro. The peso, once worth \$1, is down to 28¢ on the realistic black market, and Cubans with savings are on a buying spree to convert their depreciating currency to furniture, jewels, paintings, anything of value. They wonder, though how long the government will allow them that freedom.

GUATEMALA

Street Incident

President Ydigoras' administration is used to being roasted by opposition newsmen, but never has it had to take such heat from a girl. Six months ago, when she got a job on the capital's influential (circ. 15,000) afternoon daily *La Hora*, Irma Flaquer, 22, lost no time establishing herself as one of the government's sharpest critics. Writing to help support her two children by an early, unsuccessful marriage, the pretty young newswoman in her column denounces governmental corruption, ridicules its foreign policies, champions women's rights, favors birth control



COLUMNIST IRMA FLAQUER
A shiner, bruises, a hunk of hair.

blames the Latins' concept of manhood for the evils of prostitution, campaigns against poverty, slums, alcoholism and juvenile delinquency. Naturally her column, entitled "*Lo que los otros callan*" (What others won't say), is read with a certain amount of disfavor by the regime. But what to do about it?

To lessen Irma's public effect, Information Chief Augusto Mulet Descamps tried both sneers and smears. He publicly branded her opinions "treasonable," and in official information bulletins, called her a vamp and a blackmailer. Mulet, 48, even tried to plant a story that Irma used her column to get even with him because he spurned her advances. When most Guatemalan newspapers refused to print that story, he wanted to run it as a paid ad, was again turned down.

One day a fortnight ago, as Irma was walking home from a radio station where she delivers a 15-minute daily news commentary, she was confronted by one Gloria Castillo, a brawny, 150-lb. political action worker, who bosses the strongly pro-Ydigoras market women's union. According to Irma, Gloria roared: "You newspaper people are a bunch of sons of bitches. The old man is fed up with you." Then she grabbed Irma (93 lbs.) by the hair, kicked and punched her senseless. When Irma regained consciousness, she had the makings of a shiner, sundry cuts and bruises, and a large hunk of hair missing from her scalp.

Outraged by the beating, the Guatemala Press Association demanded an immediate investigation, while *El Imparcial*, a leading daily, saw it as "an attack on the freedom of expression." But last week President Ydigoras refused to comment and by week's end the poker-faced Interior Ministry still dismissed the whole thing as just "a street incident."

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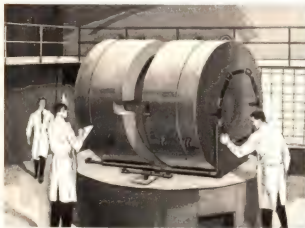
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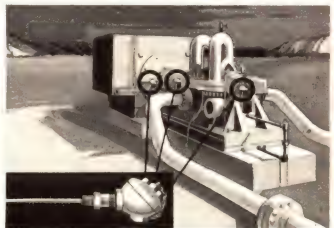
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Booster pumping stations help speed the flow of oil and chemical products through today's modern pipelines. Though often located in remote areas, completely unattended, their dependable performance is a must. So Omniguard temperature and pressure detectors, from the Instrument Division, are called on to stand guard. Day and night they monitor key points, flash the order to stop operation if temperature or pressure exceeds safety limits.



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This new Speed Queen® "Compact Combo" is America's most compact washer-dryer combination. Only 25½" wide, it goes through standard doorways easily, fits anywhere. Special washing and drying cycles assure perfect results for any kind of fabric. And installation is simple... no expensive venting needed. Best of all, this amazing washer-dryer actually costs less than many automatic washers alone!

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PEOPLE

Minus his mountaineering equipment, Britain's **Sir John Hunt**, leader of the expedition in which Sir Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Guide Tenzing climbed Mount Everest in 1955, popped up at a boys' school in Nottinghamshire, was prepared to answer almost all questions except one: "What did Sir Edmund say after conquering Everest?" Brows knit, Sir John at length blurted: "He said, 'We've knocked the bastard off!'"

By decree of the District of Columbia, the capital officially celebrated **Dwight Eisenhower's** 70th birthday, marking him as the first President ever to reach that age in office. After a morning serenade by an Army band, Old Soldier Eisenhower at noon stepped out on the White House lawn, crowded with some 6,000 well-wishers who chorused *Happy Birthday*, as Mamie watched from a balcony. Some of his admirers presented him with a golf ball and tees, done up in a box inscribed to the "World's Greatest Golfer."

Back in New York City after a ten-year Mexican sojourn, **William O'Dwyer**, 76, the fun-loving Irishman who became New York City's mayor, was home for good in the "one hell of a city" that he loves. U.S. Ambassador to Mexico during his first two years south of the border, Bill O'Dwyer quietly left Mexico City last May, came to Manhattan and got himself a Park Avenue apartment. It gradually dawned on New Yorkers that "Billo" had returned to stay. Immensely popular among Mexicans, Lawyer O'Dwyer hopes to renew his

old U.S. ties, some of which were rudely severed by the Kefauver crime committee in the 1951 hearings that propelled some of his old City Hall cronies to jail for long terms. Ex-Expatriate O'Dwyer remains a partner in a U.S.-Mexican law firm, hopes to set up a public-relations outfit and plunge into some U.S.-Latin American business ventures.

Not the least of the linguistic assets that Jack Kennedy has going for him is Polish-born Prince Radziwill, husband of Jacqueline Kennedy's chic younger sister Lee, 27. In London last week, multilingual **Princess Radziwill** was getting set to join the prince in the U.S. and help in the campaign. The prince was already busy stumping in Polish hustings about the U.S. "He



London Daily Express
PRINCESS RADZIWILL
Replying in other tongues.

enjoys it very much," the princess told British newsmen. "And it is quite all right for him to campaign, although he is a British citizen." She had no comment on a whimsical report that if Brother-in-Law Kennedy gets the big job, she, the prince and Jackie Kennedy (who speaks five languages) will take over all the talking for the U.S.-broadcast Voice of America.

After serving a three-month stretch this year for contempt of a federal court, Boston Industrialist **Bernard Goldfine**, 70, onetime largesse-dripping crony of ex-Presidential Aide Sherman Adams, was to have stood trial for dodging \$701,745 in federal income taxes during 1952-57. But last week three court-appointed psychiatrists reported their unanimous diagnosis: Goldfine suffers from a manic-depressive psychosis, has strong suicidal tendencies. The court called off the trial, ordered Goldfine committed to a hospital for treatment. In a parallel case, onetime Federal



ACTRESS LOLLOBRIGIDA & GOGGLER
Respiring to greater things.

Communications Commissioner **Richard A. Mack**, 51, who quit under fire in 1958, also got off the hook. Due to be tried again for conspiracy in rigging the FCC award of a TV channel in Miami (a first trial last year mired in a hung jury), Mack was examined by two court-appointed physicians last week. Their verdict: Mack is a bedridden alcoholic who has consumed from half a pint to a pint of whisky daily for years. The judge postponed the trial until such time as Mack can safely travel to a courtroom.

A plunging neckline is enough to start a riot in Rome, and this truth is not lost upon movie queens who respire to greater things. When the Olympic Games began last August, Elizabeth Taylor showed up in a décolleté creation that momentarily paralyzed athletes and spectators alike. One who is well-equipped to compete with Liz, Siren **Gina Lollobrigida**, hove into view at the Roman movie premiere of *Ben Hur*, caused as big an eye goggling as the chariot race on the screen.

The son of a rural Michigan mail carrier, Postmaster General **Arthur E. Summerfield**, 61, blossomed as co-author of a book that he once wished he could lay hands upon: *U.S. Mail: The Story of the United States Postal Service* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; \$5). In Manhattan for an author's luncheon, Summerfield admitted that his favorite game is Post Office, proved that he is still an addressee at heart. Said he wryly: "It's difficult to explain why a piece of mail—a letter, a postcard—has not been delivered in due time. But often the delay is because it's been resting in the pocket of the man of the house for some time. This has happened to me—and I've been unable to explain it."



EX-EXPATRIATE O'DWYER
Renewing older ties.



The Timken Roller Bearing Company, for years a partner in the progress made by American railroads, relies on products of Shell Research to make its own products work better.

What made hotboxes old-fashioned?

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heat-resistant lubricant—Shell Alvania Grease B. Today, the Timken Company packs many of their railroad bearings with Alvania[®] as the final step of manufacture, knowing the protection will last at least 300,000 miles, or four years of heavy service.

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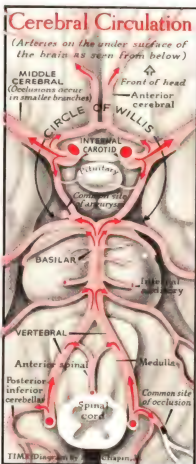
Artery disease is mysterious and confronts the physician with grave difficulties, no matter where it occurs in the body. But when nature, for safety's sake, packaged the brain and its delicate, complex system of blood circulation inside a bone box, it made things especially tough for doctors. At last week's annual Clinical Congress of the American College of Surgeons in San Francisco, the nation's leading medical researchers agreed that the chief obstacle to effective surgery on cranial arteries is one of man's quaint anatomical features—the Circle of Willis (see diagram).

The four ascending arteries (two carotid, two vertebral) that carry blood toward the brain from the aorta's arch, just above the heart, are subject to the same types of disease as other major arteries, and they should, insisted Houston's famed surgeon Michael DeBakey (TIME, June 22, 1959), be treated the same way. If the disease is true hardening of the middle layer of the artery walls, surgery can do nothing about it. If the disease is atherosclerosis (not hardening, but clogging with fatty material), affecting only a short stretch of the ascending carotid or vertebral arteries, the knife can be used with high hopes of success.*

Dangerous Location. But in the Circle of Willis (named for English Anatomist Thomas Willis, who described it in 1664), surgery is tricky. Into the circle, like highways converging into a cloverleaf, the four ascending arteries pour the brain's blood supply, and from the circle branch off the principal feeder lines from which oxygen is extracted for the brain's ceaseless activity. Located inside the skull about the eye-and-ear level, the Circle of Willis is in too dangerous a place for surgeons to cut into its vessels. Yet the different segments of the circle's perimeter are subject to all the ills that afflict the ascending arteries—and more.

Besides fatty obstructions, reported Tulane University's Dr. Homer D. Kirgis in San Francisco, the Circle of Willis can also be afflicted by a kind of malign predestination. Some people are candidates for certain types of strokes as a result of what happened—or didn't happen—before they were born. The human fetus goes through a phase in which the internal carotid artery on each side feeds into three branch arteries and supplies most of the blood to its hemisphere of the brain.

Before birth these vessels are supposed to rearrange their connections so that the internal carotid supplies only two main branches. But, said Dr. Kirgis, about 14% of all brains studied at autopsy show the internal carotid still feeding three branch arteries on one side of the brain, and in a few cases this is true on both sides. A hemorrhage or, more common, a clot in the internal carotid of such people is apt to do far more damage than in people of normal arterial development, because



there is a greater bottleneck for blood supply to essential areas.

Plastic Skin. About 4% of accidents in brain arteries are episodes of bleeding from an aneurysm—a ballooned-out, weak section of an artery. Aneurysms are usually congenital in origin. When they grow large or rupture, they may cause serious brain damage or death. The mortality rate in untreated cases is about 50%.

The vast majority of all aneurysms occur in the Circle of Willis. To get around the risk of irreparable damage involved in cutting into the circle and to protect the aneurysm patient from further attacks of increasing severity, Tufts University's Dr. Bertram Selverstone has devised a

daring and ingenious technique. First, Dr. Selverstone opens the way to the Circle of Willis by taking out a big flap of bone from the skull. (An arteriogram—an X ray of the brain's blood vessels involving the injection of radio-opaque dye into the patient—will have already spotted the site of the aneurysm.) Then, using an artist's airbrush, Selverstone sprays the aneurysm with a mixture of plastics that combine to form a coating similar to Saran Wrap. This is tough, but too thin to give full protection against further leakage or bursting. So he sprays on a second layer, of epoxy plastic. The result: enclosure of the aneurysm in a capsule far tougher than the natural artery wall.

Larceny in the Labs

Bound to the bedside, many U.S. doctors no longer perform tedious lab tests themselves, rely instead on commercial laboratories for analysis of patients' blood, tissue and urine samples. So heavy is the demand for private lab services that New York City alone has 425 clinical laboratories, a few of which are highly automated, use punch cards and assembly lines to grind out as many as 600 urinalyses and 2,300 blood tests a day. Big outfits like New York's Allstate Medical Laboratories have branches in other cities and employ aggressive door-to-door sales staffs. To boost business, they offer physicians cut-rate contract deals (e.g., all the tests you want for \$75 a month), even solicit mail-order trade from doctors thousands of miles away.

Cracking down last week with maximum publicity, New York City's tough Department of Health charged six private labs—including Allstate—with violations of the city health code, withdrew their operating permits. Allstate, said the Health Department, was primarily a mail-order house which farmed out specimens to subcontractors for testing. In other labs, investigators found insanitary conditions, faulty records, improper advertising, inadequate observation and controls.

In the Kitchen. On taking over the New York City Health Department's Bureau of Laboratories a year ago, Dr. Morris Schaeffer, 54, a quiet and methodical veteran of ten years with the U.S. Public Health Service, began a discreet investigation of the city's commercial labs. His 20 hired investigators popped up unannounced at laboratory doors, demanded on-the-spot analyses of specially prepared blood samples. The results shocked even Dr. Schaeffer: "Only one out of four laboratories could perform a proper blood typing and grouping. Only one out of three could do a correct blood chemistry test." In one lab, "a ridiculous apartment kitchenette," a Schaeffer inspection team discovered a technician conducting prothrombin time tests—sensitive measure-

* The four basic techniques for clearing local arterial roadblocks: 1) cut out the diseased section, pull the severed ends of the artery together and stitch them; 2) make a slit in the side of the artery, insert a special instrument, ream out the fatty debris and close the incision with a couple of stitches; 3) slit the artery lengthwise along the blocked stretch and put a long, oval plastic patch in the wall to increase its diameter; 4) make an artificial detour for the blood by splicing a length of plastic tube into the artery, above and below the blocked section.

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ments of the blood's clotting process—with a broken stopwatch.

Irritated by advertising brochures that falsely claimed "Our laboratories approved by the City of New York," Dr. Schaeffer decided to concentrate on the big, mass-production contract labs. He found:

❑ Blood sedimentation tests, which must be performed within 24 hours after the sample is drawn, were run by some labs on blood samples mailed to New York by doctors as far away as Los Angeles.

❑ Urinalysis was speeded up by scrapping standard tube tests, substituting urine-spotted slides. Spots often dried before they could be tested, and poorly numbered slides occasionally were mixed up. Result, says Dr. Schaeffer: "A strong tendency to fabricate results."

❑ Automatic testing machines were employed to determine cholesterol content of blood specimens, a job which these machines, according to Schaeffer, "are not yet capable of performing accurately."

❑ Coagulation tests at one laboratory were conducted on blood samples collected in special tubes supplied to doctors by the lab; the tubes contained oxalate, a chemical agent which prevents coagulation.

❑ For the sake of speed, some labs resorted to "sink tests," simply poured samples down a drain and blandly reported "negative" results to the doctors who had requested analysis.

❑ New York's health code requires each laboratory to hire a licensed physician or an experienced technician as its director. But a single doctor can direct as many as three separate labs, and some physicians sell their names for use on laboratory letterheads. Reported going price for an absentee director: up to \$600 a month.

The Big Lure. Since doctors who patronize shoddy, low-cost labs clearly run high risk of diagnostic error, what is the big labs' big lure? Though doctors shy away from admitting it, the answer is speedy service at supermarket savings. Small, painstaking laboratories charge about \$25 for a single rabbit test for pregnancy; contract labs offer an unlimited number of tests for a monthly fee which can work out to less than a dollar a test. And at least one contract laboratory, Dr. Schaeffer found, openly suggests in its advertising brochures that doctors can increase their income by subscribing to its flat-rate service, then charging unknowing patients "discretionary" fees ranging as high as those they would pay for personalized lab service.

Thinking Small

Scratch a surgeon and you will find a man sublimely confident that his fine needlework would put any seamstress to shame. But last week in San Francisco, many a needle-proud member of the American College of Surgeons took a microscopic look at his own handiwork and had to admit that there might be room for improvement.

The setting was a scientific exhibit put on by a University of Vermont surgical team headed by Dr. Julius H. Jacobson



Henry Roll

SURGEON JACOBSON
Stitching with gossamer thread.

II. Surgeon Jacobson, who began his medical career as a physiologist, was operating on dogs to produce a condition like human arterial disease when he found their smaller blood vessels hard to stitch by conventional means. He knew that eye-and-ear surgeons did some of their most delicate work with the aid of a surgical dissecting microscope and decided to try it himself.

The Zeiss stereo microscope can be set to give magnifications of six to 40 diameters. The best for arterial work proved to be 25 power, but Dr. Jacobson found that his surgical instruments and suture materials were then too big and clumsy. He got miniaturized tweezers from a jeweler, who used them on watch springs. With special hairbreadth suture threads, Dr. Jacobson and colleagues found that they could make good joins in many of the body's tubes (arteries, veins, bile ducts, Fallopian tubes and ureters) even when the vessels were only 15 mm. in diameter. They claim consistently good results—meaning that the tubes stay open indefinitely—in vessels only 4 mm. thick, with 20 tiny stitches.

Several surgeons who at first boasted that they could work just as well down to the 4-mm. level without the microscope were dismayed to find that magnification of their sutures disclosed a rough join that had no chance of staying open. Others, loath to give up their pride of craft, were harder to convince, fearing that the microscope would get in their way. But Dr. Jacobson won many converts to microsurgery. "The surgeon," he said, "must think small. If he will do that, we shall be able to operate on small arteries in the heart and brain so that many heart attacks and strokes will become routine surgical emergencies, like acute appendicitis."

PERCY FAITH. Twenty-five years of studying classical music, playing the piano for silent movies, leading little bands under palm trees in restaurants and concert orchestras in radio or recording studios—all these are fused into every note Percy Faith writes or conducts. Conservatory-trained Faith follows a composer's intentions so sympathetically that he never distorts a melody. He enhances it, adding exotic color with instruments, creating constant surprises with counterpoint of tunes or intricate rhythms. His inventions are so considerable that a Percy Faith arrangement can be virtually a fresh composition, yet it never masks the original. The sound of his massed violins, his lustrous brasses and his impeccable tempos is unmistakable—and invariably on Columbia Records. ®



RELIGION

Billy con Hispanos

Fresh from his tent outside Berlin's Red sector, where he wound up his successful German crusade, Evangelist Billy Graham moved into Manhattan's Madison Square Garden last week. The message of repentance and salvation was much the same as in his New York Crusade three years ago—but the words were different. "Hispanos, Billy Graham con nosotros," the signs proclaimed in buses and stores and the old favorite hymns they sang would have startled many a Bible-belter. The Old Rugged Cross was *La Cruz de Jesús*, What a Friend We Have in Jesus.



EVANGELIST GRAHAM & PUERTO RICAN YOUTHS
"Christ died for us!"

was *Oh, Qué Amigo!*, and *Wonderful Words of Life* was *Oh, Cantámelas Otra Vez*.

Billy Graham, of Montreat, N.C., was making a special pitch to New York City's nearly 1,000,000 Spanish-speaking inhabitants, mostly Puerto Ricans. Of the 43,500 who went to listen to him, 1,339 made "decisions for Christ."

Bronx to Lower East Side. New York's Puerto Rican population has been a surprisingly fertile field for Protestant proselytizing. Partly because of a shortage of priests in their homeland, as in all of Latin America, many Puerto Ricans have had little or no instruction in the Roman Catholic faith to which they traditionally belong. Protestant churches have been quick to capitalize on this; they have set more and more of their ministers to learning Spanish, stimulated the Catholics to all-out competition. There are currently 258 Spanish-speaking priests, and the Protestant missionaries are scattered, like

the P.R.s themselves, from The Bronx to the Lower East Side. Some 40,000 of the *hispanos* are Protestants, about 500,000 Catholics, most of the remainder are unchurched. Billy was delighted at the turnout, despite competition from a World Series and a Nixon-Kennedy TV debate.

As usual, language was anything but a barrier to Billy—talking through an interpreter, he suggests, gives his English-speaking hearers more of a chance to think. With the Rev. Rogelio Archilla of Manhattan's Dewitt Reformed Church panting through a skillful, rapid-fire translation on the opposite side of the platform, Evangelist Graham kept the pace

wanted to come and see him in person. I prefer the way he preaches to the way the Catholic priests preach." Like her, there were plenty of nominal Catholics in the Garden. "The priest never said we shouldn't come," said 15-year-old Hilda Contrón, "and my father said we should."

As part of the crusade, Billy mingled with 123 leaders of East Harlem gangs and their henchmen, gave them a tough-talking half-hour that ranged from sex to the United Nations. Said one leader when it was over: "My gang will go to church tomorrow—or else!"

The "Easy" Death

Christians are having a hard time dying these days as Christians, rather than as pets "put to sleep" by the vet. Such sedated forms of death are the subject of an outraged article in *The Living Church* by the Rev. Ralph P. Brooks Jr., rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in Pittsburgh.

When a patient is operated on and found fatally ravaged by cancer, doctors are often inclined to assure him (and perhaps his wife as well) that he will recover. In the case of non-Christians, Pastor Brooks has no quarrel with this benevolent deceit: "There is no merit in trying to force a Christian death on a non-Christian life. . . . But why must such a death be turned into a needless defeat in the case of the faithful? When a devout man demands to know the truth so that he can face death victoriously, must we join his family in pretending this burning pain in his abdomen will disappear?"

For one thing, such a sufferer may feel cut off from his family, unable to admit what he suspects. "He can't turn to them, or lean on them; he can't ask their forgiveness; he can't set his affairs in order, or say the words, or pray the prayers, or cry the tears that must be shed, because all of this can only be done when he is permitted the luxury of facing his death."

The clergyman ministering to such a case "must speak guardedly of death as if it is years away; he must administer the Sacrament with no indication that this is probably the last time for confession, his solution, and real peace with God; he must see the mind that fades from narcotics unable to perceive or react to any assurance about a fuller life."

The only answer to the problem, Pastor Brooks feels, is in long-range preparation of Christians for their time of death. "We must plant the seeds of understanding of death. . . . so that our people will see it for what it is and will choose to help the person they love. . . . die victoriously, with trust and confidence, instead of curled up alone in agony and fear. . . ."

"I will not argue with a grieving family about to lose their father, but I must speak out to someone; be warned; prevent this 'easy' death of despair and frustration; teach, plant the seeds of understanding and faith; because this unnecessary defeat, this denial of what we call this negation of our victory is heartbreaking."

fast and the pressure high. "You have made a great cultural contribution to New York," he told them, "but now you must help throw back the forces of evil in this city. . . . Perhaps the Lord has allowed you to come to America* for this reason. Many churches in this country have lost their original enthusiasm for religion. You still have this enthusiasm, and you can make a great contribution."

Church—or Else. Billy stabbed at Spanish with a thunderous "Christ died for you, for us!", and the word somehow acquired a Dixie drawl. But when it came time for him to invite his listeners down, there was no doubt about his effectiveness. "I like religion," said Señora Gloria de Rodríguez, 34. "I saw Billy Graham on television, and I decided I

* A mild political disclaimer: Americans from south of the border and out in the Caribbean consider themselves just as American as U.S. citizens. But Puerto Ricans are, of course, U.S. citizens.

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DODGE
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■ Report to business from B.F. Goodrich



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But cutting costs is only one of the reasons BFG puts air into many of its products. For example, B.F. Goodrich Airpath floor tile has an exclusive sponge rubber backing containing millions of tiny air cells. It's used for hospital corridors, in offices, behind store counters—wherever it's needed to reduce noise, or to soften footsteps for workers who must be on their feet all day long. Rooms containing delicate instruments—

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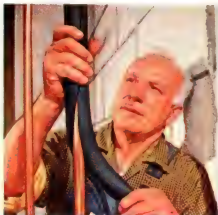
Talk to these people and they'll probably tell you that these B.F. Goodrich developments are the greatest things since lungs in putting air to work! There are probably ways you can use air (with rubber, plastic, rubberized fibers) to improve products, manufacturing procedures, packaging—or even come up





RADAR SIGNALS SINK into BFG microwave absorbents... do not bounce back. This rubberized fiber is used inside nose of plane to keep reflecting metal surfaces from causing an "echo" which would distort signals.

with something entirely new. For information on these or any other BFG products, write President's Office, *The B.F. Goodrich Company*, Akron 18, Ohio.



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Atoms at Retail

So long as U-235, the explosive isotope in natural uranium, was hard to get, only the biggest powers could afford nuclear bombs. Now everybody—Mao, Castro, Nasser or whoever—may soon be able to have a bomb of his own. Previously, U-235 was almost impossible to separate from nonexplosive U-238, except with great expense and difficulty. But, said Tennessee's Democratic Senator Albert Gore, member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, last week: "recent advances in [centrifuge] technology have now brought the capability of producing weapons-grade material within the reach of not just a few but of many nations."

This was no surprise to nuclear professionals. When the U.S. was developing the first atomic bomb during World War II, one of the several promising ways to purify U-235 was to pass uranium hexafluoride, a uranium-containing gas, through a centrifuge—a sort of souped-up cream separator—that would spin the gas at enormous speed and subject it to high, gravity-like forces. The slightly lighter molecules containing U-235 would tend to stay near the center of the centrifuge, while the heavier molecules containing U-238 would move toward the spinning sides.

Through the Pores. In their haste to develop the atomic bomb, the World War II scientists put aside the centrifuge. Instead, they built at Oak Ridge, Tenn., an enormous diffusion plant that worked by pumping uranium hexafluoride through thousands of porous barriers. The U-235 went through the pores a bit more easily than U-238, and was separated.

But the gas centrifuge was not forgotten. Atomic Energy Commission scientists kept working on it, as did many Europeans, especially in West Germany. Prominent in this work were Professor Wilhelm Groth, of Bonn University, and Gernot Zippe, who built a gas centrifuge for the U.S.S.R., and was hired in 1958 by the AEC. Zippe returned to Germany last July and is now associated with the Degussa Co. of Frankfurt, which is manufacturing the centrifuges experimentally.

A Pound Per Year. The chief trouble with the early centrifuges was their comparatively slow speed. This was serious because their effectiveness in separating U-235 rises with the fourth power of the speed of the rotor, *i.e.*, doubling the speed would multiply the efficiency by 16. Better materials and construction methods have recently increased the speed to at least 40,000 r.p.m. Up-to-date centrifuges spin in a near vacuum, and they have complicated heating devices to make the gas circulate inside them in a way that multiplies their efficiency.

Professor Groth says that existing centrifuges require only one-tenth as much electric power as diffusion apparatus of the same capacity. The present Degussa model can be built for about \$1,000.



Herb oct.—© 1960 The Washington Post Co.
"TRICKS OR TREATIES?"

and according to Zippe, it will produce in one year about one pound of U-235. Improvements already in sight will increase this figure. Both Groth and Zippe believe that centrifuges will eventually compete economically with gaseous diffusion in making nuclear fuel, enriched in U-235, for atomic power plants.

If this were all that they may do, there would be little excitement. But U-235 is not an ordinary commodity; only a few pounds, perhaps less, are now required to make the detonator for a hydrogen bomb that can smash the world's biggest city. The other nuclear ingredients of such bombs, deuterium and lithium 6, are com-

paratively easy to come by. High skill and knowledge are needed to assemble these devices, but both can be acquired by any purposeful nation, however small.

U.S. government officials tried to persuade the West German government to clamp secrecy on centrifuge technology. But no expert believes that knowledge of uranium centrifuges, already widely disseminated, can be regulated away.

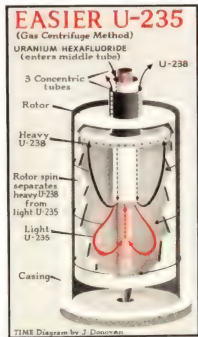
Self-Organizing Cells

Life among higher animals starts with a single fertilized cell. In a few days or weeks, it divides into billions or trillions of cells of different kinds, all arranged to help each other in the difficult business of life. How does this miracle happen? Scientists agree that the original cell contains genetic instructions that control the development of the embryo, but they are not sure how these instructions are brought to bear. One theory is that some central part of the embryo issues orders that make each tissue and organ develop. Another is that the multiplying cells, each of which has in its nucleus a set of instructions, organize themselves independently of any cellular high command.

This second theory has considerable evidence to support it, but in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, Dr. Paul Weiss and Dr. A. Cecil Taylor, both of the Rockefeller Institute, describe experiments to prove its validity beyond doubt. Weiss and Taylor took samples of different tissues, each containing many kinds of cells, from chick embryos 8 to 14 days old. They minced each sample finely and treated it with enzymes that made its cells separate without killing them. Straining the soupy stuff through a fine nylon filter, they removed all remaining cell clumps. Then they concentrated the isolated, mixed-up cells to a soft mush and deposited specks of it on the sac-like "chorio-allantoic" membrane enclosing eight-day-old chick embryos.

After the bits of mush had been incubated for nine days, their jumbled cells arranged themselves in pretty good order. Getting nourishment from the blood supply of the membrane, they started to grow again. Kidney cells grew into a tiny kidney that seemed to be trying to purify the blood of a nonexistent chick. Liver cells developed into a miniature liver one-fifth of an inch long and apparently able to secrete bile to digest a chick's food. The skin cells arranged themselves into a sheet, produced sprouting feathers about one-tenth of an inch long.

Weiss and Taylor do not know how a mush of isolated cells manages to rally and reassume its proper job in a developing embryo. But they are sure that no special guidance can come from the blood-supplying membrane, which acts the same in all cases. Therefore they say the individual cells of a partly formed organ must contain information that tells them what is expected of them. When they are separated and jumbled into a mush, they can reorganize and try to complete as best they can their part of the master plan of the vanished embryo.



TIME Diagram by J. Donovan

SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Baying at the Moon

"Damn it," said David Susskind last week. "I don't think I'm a wild egomaniac destroying Western civilization. I did my best with Khrushchev."

That he had. The question was whether Susskind's best was good enough, as he faced the Premier of the Soviet Union for some two hours on TV's *Open End* (recognizing that he was overmatched, Susskind had asked Khrushchev if he would meet with a panel of experts, but K. refused). It could not have been a more in-

sunlight and marinating in some quick-starting annoyance. Sipping his favorite Georgian mineral water or brooding while the interpreter did his work, K. sat impassively, his round head filling the TV screen and looking like an oversized bead in a gun sight. What Susskind later described as Khrushchev's "physical amiability" was constantly evident, as he nudged, elbowed, fingered his squirming interviewer.

Good Eyes. During commercial breaks, the *Open End* station (New York area's WNTA-TV) ran advertisements for Radio Free Europe, showing barbed wire, a



DAVID SUSSKIND & GUEST
As one statesman to another.

congruous interview—or a more fascinating sideshow—if Rumpelstiltskin had been interrogating Jimmy Hoffa, and about as much useful information resulted.

Dressing Down. Susskind managed to bring up nearly every subject of East-West difficulty from Berlin to the Congo, trying to avoid questions that would—as he put it later—"open a dialectical can of peas." But the peas soon spattered all over the screen, because Susskind insisted on talking to Khrushchev not as a reporter but as one statesman to another, and because he loaded his imprecise questions with long, patriotic declarations clearly designed to demonstrate Susskind's own political soundness (pressure against the show from all sides, including general dicta from the State Department, had produced the kind of "hysteria" in which he got caught, Susskind explained later). Now and again Susskind was flip, as when he delivered the now-famous line, "You are baying at the moon," and Old Moon-Shooter Khrushchev gave him a naughty-boy dressing down, beginning by asking Susskind's age (39) and suggesting he had much to learn.

Despite its shortcomings, the program gave a long, detailed close-up of the Russian, his face alternately basking as if in

symbolically gagged resident of a satellite country, etc. When a Soviet aide passed a note into the studio telling Khrushchev what was going on, he waited until the next station break, then raged about "trickery"; suddenly, he broke into a smile and said, "Do what you like, enjoy yourselves, we will win, we will win." Susskind later apologized, said he knew nothing of the commercials.

Taking the debatable position that Khrushchev should not have appeared on the show at all, the Wall Street brokerage firm, Sutro Bros. & Co., a longtime sponsor of *Open End*, canceled its commitments to the show. Susskind's final muddled reaction to Khrushchev: "The guy is one part Santa Claus, one part doctrinaire, one part demeaning uncle." Khrushchev's reaction to Susskind: "You have good eyes. I could negotiate with you."

The New Shows

Westerns and private-eye shows offer escape into a world where men are men and women know their place. But situation comedies—which, this season, seem destined to outweigh saddle and sleuth operas—have a far more obscure and disturbing appeal. In their denatured apothecosis of Booth Tarkington and Clarence

Day, men invariably act like children, children act like grownups, and women act as if they owned the network. Whatever the relentless nightly triumph of the Female Principle over male boobyism may prove about America's "image" of itself, it makes for slick, generally dreary entertainment. The latest samples.

Bringing Up Buddy (CBS) unleashes cascades of canned laughter that are so at variance with the vapid comedy on the screen that the ear automatically dials out the sound in defense of sanity. The story involves boyish Buddy, a rising young executive (Frank Aletter), entrapped in the fuddled care of two maiden aunts (Doro Merande and Enid Markey) who are so naive and troublesome that they should be put out of harm's way before the series gets much older. Script credit goes to one George Tibbles, who may add a new word to show-business lingo. Entertainments of this sort are obviously not written; they are tiddled.

Peter Loves Mary (NBC) is meant to suggest that folks in show biz are just as cute, lovable and revolting as anybody else. The expertly tiddled story line about a man-and-wife comedy team has the requisite cynical children, the coy, sex-crazed housekeeper, and the jolly Broadway agent, naturally called Happy. In last week's first installment, Peter Lind Hayes, as the TV comic who cracked up over the air because his family insists on living in the strange, frightening suburbs, and Mary Healy as his wife, whose gay indifference to his suffering singled her out as a latent sadist, were charming and civilized performers. But the show is brainless.

My Sister Eileen (CBS) shows the smooth-tooling lines of a slick TV production, with every joke clicking right into place, but also overestimates the amount of new humor that can be choked from the old contest between a scatterbrained actress and her no-nonsense sister. In last week's episode, Eileen (played by Shirley Bonne) caused Sister Ruth (Elaine Stritch) sleepless nights when she invaded the lair of a panting Broadway producer. (One genuinely amusing touch: in a nightmare, Big Sister visualizes the producer's office furnished entirely with couches, and flies to the rescue as Super-Ruth. Although too much depended on the belief, no longer universally entertained, that show biz holds that much peril or life in Greenwich Village that much fun, this may prove to be one of the more tolerable comedy series.)

Angel (CBS) makes a long reach to Paris for a new comedy situation, introduces a French girl (Annie Fargé) who comes to the U.S. to marry an American architect (Marshall Thompson). Last week more cheer than anybody had a right to expect grew out of a plot in which the young couple's home was taken over as a polling place and the heroine wanted to turn the whole thing into a party, with raffles on the voting booths. Although the assembly line may soon run the ignorant-immigrant theme into the ground, Actress Fargé triumphantly resists being



THOMPSON & FARGÉ IN "ANGEL." She appeared attractively feathered. She appeared attractively feathered. merely Lucille Ball with a French accent. She is easily the brightest newcomer to situation comedy—small, pert, winsome, and somehow giving the impression of being attractively feathered.

MOVIES ABROAD

Lamorisse's New Balloon

Frenchmen looked up in wonder last year as a big orange balloon carrying two passengers floated back and forth across the country. Photographed by movie cameras in an accompanying helicopter, the balloon whisked by the spires of the Strasbourg Cathedral, almost bumped into the Eiffel Tower, skimmed within a few yards of Mont Blanc, dipped down to mast level over the Riviera. In Paris last week the resulting film, *Voyage in a Balloon*, gave audiences a stunning cloud-eye view of virtually every remarkable tourist sight in France.

Voyage is the work of Albert Lamorisse, already known for his prizewinning shorts (*Bim*, *White Mane*, *The Red Balloon*) and probably the most original moviemaker in France. Echoing the consensus, *Le Monde's* Jean de Baroncelli, dean of Paris film critics, wrote: *Voyage* is "a tale of a dream realized. Pure cinema. Above all, a ravishing spectacle." Wrote Author André Maurois: "A film for poets and philosophers."

Art & Accidents. The two-year production repeatedly ran into trouble. Lamorisse had to spend \$180,000 for equipment to keep the camera-bearing helicopter from vibrating, had to get government permits every time his balloon went up or came down. More drastically, the shooting often endangered the lives of his stars, one of them his ten-year-old son Pascal (who at six played the boy in *The Red Balloon*). No trick photography was used. Once, the balloon exploded and the occupants, including Pascal, narrowly escaped death as the basket plunged to the ground. Lamorisse reworked the script to make the accident part of the



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LAMORISSE FAMILY & TRANSPORT
Always on vacation?

plot. Says Lamorisse: "Poetry is always an accident in cinema."

To avoid a mere travelogue, Lamorisse built his story around a Quixotic professor out to demonstrate that a balloon is the ideal means of transportation. At the last moment, his grandson talks his way aboard. The eventful flight—they follow flocks of exotic birds, drop in on a bullfight—is followed by a supply car on the ground carrying the professor's comic assistant, a Chaplinesque caricature of gadget-addicted modern man, whose wine bottle is hinged within reach and who uses an automatic feeder so that he doesn't have to stop driving. One of *Voyage*'s greatest assets stems from Lamorisse's color technique (he photographs in Eastman color and prints on Technicolor stock), which gives his film a Utrillo-like, ethereal aura.

Sorrow Is Out. Sipping Scotch and tinkering with his hi-fi in his Left Bank apartment under the surveillance of a cageful of doves, Lamorisse at 38 fits the description once given him as "a man continually on vacation." The son of a well-to-do family of Flemish descent, he did poorly in school, never considered any work worthy of serious pursuit until he discovered film making. He still writes and edits his films in his living room, with the help of his wife and within earshot of Pascal and his other two children.

Some critics believe that the success of *Voyage*, with its old-fashioned fantasy world, is further proof that France is getting tired of the often depressing, sometimes brutal "New Wave." Lamorisse concedes that he is against the trend toward "popular, banal tragedy," and his movies plainly seek escape from modern life in their concern with children and animals. Says he: "I'm happy to have been able to free cinema from earth."



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THE PRESS

Climate: Chilly

Into the green-carpeted Petroleum Club lounge of the Northern Hotel in Billings, Mont. last week popped the Republican candidate for U.S. President. Then, with the group of newsmen accompanying him on the campaign trail, Richard M. Nixon opened the kind of informal press conference (no direct quotation allowed) that was once a standard Nixon campaign instrument. Although they had been complaining bitterly about the rarity of such occasions in recent months, most of the traveling newsmen largely ignored the visitor, leaving the Vice President to get along with local reporters.

The episode sharply illustrates the 1960 relations between Nixon and his press followers. Four years ago, when Nixon was stumping for President Eisenhower's and his own re-election, the press corps flew in the same plane, mixed in easy camaraderie with a Nixon who regularly emerged, sometimes in pajamas, for bantering strolls down the aisle. Background conferences were common; at them the Vice President frequently confided headline-making information that the newsmen could use without identifying the source.

Regard for Reporters. Now there is a chilly reserve between the two sides, each suspicious of the other. Most reporters now fly in a separate plane or planes; the four pool reporters admitted to the Nixon plane on rotation are carefully partitioned from the candidate who keeps almost entirely in his quarters in the rear. "Nixon's people seem to feel the reporters are a conspiratorial group," says the Baltimore *Sun's* Phil Potter, Nixon's press secretary. Herbert G. Klein, denying that there is any real hostility, admits that "you don't talk to the press people without some regard to what you say," and some members of Nixon's staff think hostile reporters go over every line of Nixon's speeches looking for examples of the "old Nixon."

Herb Klein is generally well liked by newsmen, who applaud the smooth efficiency with which he runs things—right down to making sure that reporters' luggage is delivered to their hotel rooms. But he does little to dispel their growing bitterness. Klein is well aware that reporters in both camps are predominantly Democratic (and their publishers predominantly Republican). The ratio is 2 to 1 for Kennedy, according to one informal straw vote aboard the Nixon press plane. But most reporters insist they know how to separate their own convictions from their reporting, and say that Nixon's assistants are too ready to find real or imagined injury. In Springfield, Mo., after Reporter Potter asked what Klein considered a deliberately needling question, Klein sent an angry protest to Potter's publisher. Klein was also disturbed by a magazine article over the wardrobes of the candidates' wives: he thought the caption, "Pat v. Jackie," should have read "Jackie v. Pat."



KENNEDY & NEWSMEN
Engaging candor.

Candor for Reporters. The new mood had its origin last May when a column by New York Times Washington Bureau Chief James Reston challenged the honesty of the Nixon "background conferences," which let Nixon say things anonymously that he would be most reluctant to say in public, e.g., criticism of U.S. Secretary of Agriculture Benson. Angry, Nixon suspended the background sessions, and the Nixon camp took on the wary formality that still prevails.

Things are much different in the Ken-

neddy camp. Kennedy's staff goes out of its way to accommodate newsmen, and occasionally, with engaging candor, admits Kennedy's flubs, bad platform performances and sometimes skimpy crowds. The candidate puts in numerous informal appearances, with demonstrations of comradeship ("Taking good care of you?").

Just how much the difference between the two camps actually affects campaign coverage remains a question. Relatively little of the animosity toward Nixon has spilled over into the news columns. Kennedy and his staff have no reason to complain. Speaking for the boss, one Kennedy aide said last week: "We've gotten the best treatment in the press of any Democratic candidate in history."

Taking Due Credit

The fever that stirred the howling rioters last June in Japan was in large part the handiwork of the Japanese press with its sustained attacks upon Premier Nobusuke Kishi and the U.S.-Japanese security treaty. But when it was suggested that the press, conservatively owned but heavily infiltrated by leftists, had played a major part in keeping President Eisenhower out of Japan and bringing down Kishi, Japanese publishers angrily denied all. It remained, last week, for Japan's leftist journalists themselves to take credit where credit seemed due.

In proud detail, the *Journalist*, house organ of the Japan Congress of Journalists (1,700 members), told exactly how pro-Communist Japanese newsmen had helped whip Japanese emotions to riotous frenzy. "Japanese journalists who participated in the great struggle," said the *Journalist*, "worked through such organizations as labor unions of the press, radio and TV, holding numerous protest shop rallies, advocating petitioning of the Diet or participating directly in the demonstrations."

"At the same time, the democratic



JAPAN CONGRESS OF JOURNALISTS MEMBERS EMBARKING FOR BADEN
In their luggage, a blueprint for the Red front.

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journalists fought to report the truthful picture of the people's struggle and anger. They pointed out the dangers of the military pact [i.e., the U.S.-Japanese security treaty] and wrote many articles, editorials and commentaries pointing out the wrongdoing of the government and the government party. When a few Japanese publishers sought to suppress such "freedom of expression," they were soon forced to begin "reporting the truth again, largely as the result of pressure put on them by the democratic journalists and labor unions in the papers."

Agitation in Print. Red doctrine has flowed freely: it sometimes more surreptitiously, through Japanese newsrooms since 1955. That year a group of Communist-led newsmen called the International Organization of Journalists spawned the Japan Congress of Journalists.

Rarely have a nation's newspapers been riper for infiltration. The Japanese press, huge (103 dailies with 35 million circulation) and savagely competitive, is a vacuum sustaining no cause but a steady antagonism to all authority. It is largely owned by business-minded publishers so remote from their editorial floors that the congress flourished almost by default.

The Congress attracted young, self-styled intellectual newsmen all over Japan. They flocked to lectures to learn how to load innocent stories with the Communist line, how to flatter personalities sympathetic to the left, how to agitate in print. Their cells grew everywhere: 250 congress members on Tokyo's biggest paper, *Asahi* (circ. 5,000,000); 190 in the Kyodo News Agency, notorious among Western newsmen for its leftist tinge; 80 on *Mainichi* (circ. 3,560,000), 50 on *Yomiuri* (circ. 3,500,000).

Blueprint for Tomorrow. Despite the congress' continuing expansion, most newspaper publishers remain only vaguely aware of its existence and are less than deeply disturbed. "We publishers," said Matsutaro Shoriki of *Yomiuri*, "recognize the need to watch this organization. But at the present stage, the activities and influence of its members are not of a nature to cause alarm." So unalarmed indeed, are Shoriki and other publishers that at their annual convention in Kyoto earlier this month they chose this solemn declaration as their theme: "The press is the unwavering signpost in times of stress."

But the Congress, having helped make the Japanese press the wobbliest sort of signpost, has no intention of giving up its work. To Baden, Austria for an international Red-front convulse of journalists, this week hurried eleven Congress members led by dumpy Yuichi Kobayashi, 57, who was *Yomiuri's* chief European correspondent until his retirement this year. Tucked into the luggage were copies of the *Journalist's* special issue bragging about yesterday's accomplishments and blueprinting tomorrow's: "Japanese journalists are not finished yet. They now have the duty to expose the true nature of the policies of Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda, who has taken Kishi's place."

THE THEATER

New Recital on Broadway

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May is one of the nicest ways to spend one. Reaching the main stem by the four-lane highway of nightclubs, record albums, radio and TV (*TIME*, Sept. 26), this pair, who come on stage in various roles and improvise, who glance at the life all around them and criticize, spend a great deal of their time being funny. By the end of the evening they have left tooth marks on much that is fatuous, wasp stings in much that is vulgar, powder burns on a lot that is neurotic or just



Edison-Artists

ELAINE MAY AS P.T.A. CHAIRMAN
A glance leaves a tooth mark.

human. They go at each other as a way of going at many things else: they are mamma and papa, or mother and son, or lover and mistress, or brother and sister, or monsieur and madame; they coil round each other constantly like flowers, teenagers or snakes.

On opening night their repertory—or their improvisations—came at times from the common hoard of satire and seemed aimed at the common herd. But even with phone-booth frustrations or bear-hugging mothers, with Tennessee Williams-type drama or the P.T.A., there were happy surprises. In fact by combining the last two themes—by having Elaine act as P.T.A. chairman for an evening of Art and Mike act as the Southern-playwright speaker—they reached the evening's peak. They reached it partly, perhaps, because each did a monologue in his own uninterrupted, unblurred style. When the two play together, things occasionally run together.

And in raising the ante to a whole evening's entertainment, the pair also raise a question or two about this or that brand of it. They are so talented that the

stunt and show-off side of their performance—letting the audience call the tune or enacting Dostoevsky in ten seconds—seems a mistake. At times, too, there is conflict between their manner, which is essentially a freewheeling one, and their matter, which demands the foreplanning of the revue sketch or blackout. Their eye is as deadly keen as their tongue can be brilliantly sharp; but when they imperish, when the glance counts for more than its object or the inflection means more than the actual word, they occasionally lack a final polish. Still and all, they are frequently hilarious.

New Play on Broadway

The Wall (by Millard Lampell; based on John Hersey's novel), rather than enclosing something dramatically, restricts and obstructs it. The harrowing chronicle of the Jews of Warsaw, first made ghetto captives by the Nazis, then robbed of homes and dignity and freedom until in enormous numbers they were sent "East" and fiendishly robbed of life, explodes its horrors over and over again. Its nightmares are vivid upon the stage; the mere sight—through the smoke of gunfire—of the Wall speaks volumes. But what power *The Wall* commands comes from the tale rather than the telling, from scattered incidents rather than a sustained whole, and comes a little, also, from the memory as playwright.

One source of trouble is that *The Wall* is an adaptation, something replanted in alien, resisting soil. With *The Wall*, the spatial element is an essential one, which the stage, unlike the cinema, cannot convey. *The Wall* in the theater proves neither personal in appeal nor panoramic in effect; it is too diffused to have impact as a story, too restricted for vast horror as a scene. A *Diary of Anne Frank*, by remaining the chronicle of a girl and confining its tragedy to a garret, could expand a family's fate into that of an entire race. But in stage version of *The Wall*, the mass and weight of John Hersey's novel are lost, while a steady dramatic undertow is lacking.

The Wall suffers, too from appearing, as it were, between perspectives—years after the scarehead moment of horror, when anguish nullifies distance, and too soon for historical tragedy, when art provides it. But form and perspective apart, *The Wall* is simply not well enough written. Adapter Millard Lampell gets no leverage into language; his words do not heighten or deepen or darken, are never laconic or poetic or terrible. Rather than quivering with a Whitmanesque "I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there," Lampell's lines come all too close to the sentimental and the staccato. *The Wall* is most effective—indeed very effective—where it is most documentary, in brutal public scenes between Jews and Nazis. A rabbi doing a little ritual dance with a bride somehow evokes more than occurrences that freeze the blood.



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GEORGIA O'KEEFFE'S STUDY OF "BLACKBIRD WITH SNOW-COVERED RED HILLS," 1946

Wonderful Emptiness

Reflecting on the austere ankle-length skirt, the long black coat and the anti-septic white scarf that have become Artist Georgia O'Keeffe's habitual dress, a friend recently observed: "Georgia decided a long time ago how she wanted to look and she hasn't changed since." Much the same might be said of Georgia O'Keeffe's painting. But if she has not fundamentally changed in her 72 years, the most eminent of U.S. women painters has continued to grow in technical mastery and emotional depth. Last week, at the Worcester (Mass.) Art Museum, gallerygoers could see the extent of her range in her first major show in 14 years—the work of a superb and unerring craftsman who has always walked alone.

Down to the Bone. Born in Sun Prairie, Wis., the daughter of an Irish farmer and a Hungarian mother, who each night read her to sleep with tales of travel or the old West, Georgia O'Keeffe never had any intention of staying down on the farm. In 1904, an intense, headstrong girl, she went off to study art, first in Chicago and then in Manhattan. After months of stuffy academic training that was limited to imitating the old masters, she firmly resolved never to paint again.

Her resolution did not last long. In time she fell under the spell of the late Arthur Dow, whose art classes at Columbia University were breaking new ground in the U.S. "Art," Dow declared, "is decadent when designers and painters lack

inventive power and merely imitate nature or the creation of others." Driven by this distaste for the conventional, Georgia began experimenting with shapes and colors that had nothing to do with subject. Or, shifting from the abstract to the representational, she would paint a single flower again and again to find new facets of truth. These early experiments became the preoccupation of a lifetime. She could turn out a single swooping bird, a tumbling abstract landscape or a pair of solitary antlers planted in the desert (see

colors), but in everything she did she pared reality to the bone. And though critics were later to try to fit her into one or another of the modern U.S. "schools" of painting, her art was from the start totally personal and inimitable.

An Unforgettable Loneliness. In 1915, when she was teaching art in Amarillo, Texas ("My country—terrible winds and wonderful emptiness!"), Georgia sent some of her charcoal sketches to a friend in Manhattan. The friend in turn took them to Photographer Alfred Stieglitz, who had opened a gallery for unsung artists. Stieglitz was so impressed that he began hanging O'Keeffe's paintings alongside his Braques and Marins, and eight years later he and Georgia were married. The partnership lasted until his death in 1946, when the spotlight had already begun to shift to a wilder and more chaotic kind of abstraction than anything O'Keeffe would ever tolerate.

Today Georgia O'Keeffe lives in the tiny (pop. 500) town of Abiqui, N. Mex., in a century-old adobe house that still has its original hand-hewn doors and earthen floors. She has installed huge picture windows that look out on the curving Rio Chama, the wild juniper and aspen trees, and the barren hills beyond that glow red in the sunset. Occasionally she takes an exotic trip—she was in Tokyo last week starting an Asian tour—but mostly she spends her days puttering about her garden, exploring the Jemez Mountains, or simply sitting upon her roof to stare at the distance. She has never been known to

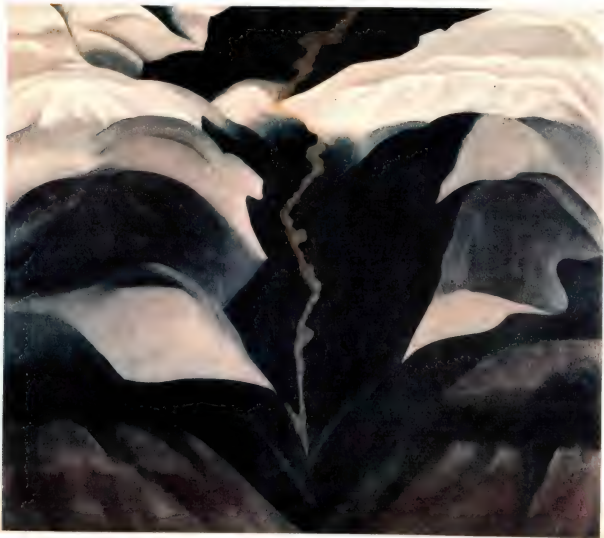


PAINTER GEORGIA O'KEEFFE



THE SOLITUDE AND VASTNESS OF A WESTERN PRAIRIE ARE REFLECTED IN "ANTELOPE," 1954

THE LONELINESS OF PRIMEVAL NATURE DOMINATES "BLACK PLACE, III," 1944





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paint a human being, and her severe and silent canvases—whether bold closeups or vast landscapes—all have an unforgettable feeling of loneliness. "It was all so far away," she once wrote of a place she loved. "There was a quiet and an untouched feel to the country." And she ended the letter with the words: "And I could work as I pleased!"

How to Break Records

When Jacques Sarlie found himself in France as a U.S. Army officer at the end of World War II, he had his own ideas about what he wanted to liberate. A Dutch-born U.S. citizen who likes to keep the sources of his wealth a secret, Sarlie struck up an acquaintance with Pablo Picasso, became one of the few men to whom Picasso was willing to sell his paintings directly. Over the next few years before the modern art market went wild.



Nick Der Morag—Reportage
SARLIE WITH "FEMME ACCROUPIE"
Out of the blue.

Sarlie bought Picassos covering the full range of the painter's varied styles, fleshed out his collection with the works of a number of other modern artists, including a portrait painted by Amedeo Modigliani in payment for back rent.

Last week Collector Sarlie, 45, put his collection up for auction at London's famed Sotheby's to raise money, partly to finance his Manhattan foundation to aid promising young artists. The Modigliani portrait went for \$106,000, but the main attraction of the evening was Sarlie's 29 Picassos—the largest number ever put on the block at one time. Highest price for a single canvas was the \$134,000 paid by Swedish Collector Carl-Bertel Nathorst for *Femme Accroupie*, a summer painting of Picasso's "blue" period. And by evening's end, Sotheby's had broken another record: the Picassos brought in \$636,720, the biggest single sale of a living artist. Between the Picassos, ten Modiglianis and an assortment of Gris, Soutine, Braques, Rouaults and one Matisse, Collector Sarlie netted more than \$1,000,000. What did he intend to start buying now? A tip from the top: Abstractionists Hartung, Soulages, De Staël.

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Tin Cups at the Met

In the Depression-ridden 1930s, Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera faced what Critic Irving Kolodin referred to as the "Operadimming": the house was half empty night after night, much of the gold had drained out of the golden horseshoe, and management was not sure from one month to the next whether the curtain would rise again. What saved the Met more than anything else was Mrs. August Belmont's idea for replacing the top hats and tiaras with an auxiliary known as the Metropolitan Opera Guild. In the 25 years since then the guild has grown into the nation's biggest, most dedicated band of opera supporters.

Last week the Met gratefully honored

cycle, a fine new *Magic Flute*, last year's *Simon Boccanegra*) and helped pay for dozens more.

Mrs. Belmont, the guild's founder, began her career on the other side of the footlights. Born Eleanor Robson, the daughter of an English stock-company actress, she followed her mother to the U.S., got a job in stock in San Francisco, soon found herself touring with Lionel Barrymore, who undertook to educate her by reading aloud from Kipling's *Jungle Books*. Her first success, the title role in Israel Zangwill's *Merely Mary Ann*, so moved critics during the play's three-year run that they "always seemed to write about new-mown hay when they saw it." Shaw went to *Merely* in London in 1904 and saw more than hay: "I'm



MRS. AUGUST BELMONT & FANS[®]
She put the gold back in the horseshoe.

the guild and Mrs. Belmont. Onstage, Barry Morell, Dorothy Kirsten, Leonie Rysanek, Zinka Milanov sang arias from *L'Africaine*, *Louise*, *Tannhäuser*, *Bohème*, supported by the Met orchestra, chorus and ballet, while Mrs. Belmont, 80, sat in the center box, as firmly as ever part of the Met scene. During intermission, General Manager Rudolf Bing presented to Mrs. Belmont a silver tray with the engraved signatures of the board members and guild staff.

Lessons from Lionel. In the year of its founding, the guild had 1,210 members. Today it has a membership of 55,000—predominantly female—in all the states and 51 foreign countries. Many a present-day Opera Guildner never steps inside the Met, but the membership is bound together by its ritualistic devotion to the Met's Saturday afternoon radio broadcasts and by the guild magazine, *Opera News*, which combines first-rate scholarship with the kind of prompter's box chitchat that opera fans feed on. With dues at \$6 and up, the guild has raised \$2,000,000 for the Met, has paid for 14 new productions (including a new Ring

forever yours devotedly. I take no interest in mere females, but I love all artists." To prove it, Shaw wrote *Major Barbara* for her. At the top of her profession, the 30-year-old actress married 57-year-old Banker-Philanthropist-Sportsman August Belmont after making a Pollyannaish farewell appearance as Glad in Frances Hodgson (Little Lord Fauntleroy) Burnett's *Dawn of a Tomorrow*. Actress Robson's last stage line: "I'm going to be tuk care of now."

Whole New Audience. As the wife of August Belmont, she helped take care of the thoroughbred horses (she named their famed foal, Man o' War), plunged vigorously into volunteer work, became a box holder at the opera. When the Met board approved her plan for a guild in 1935, she set to work 16 hours a day lining up recruits, began to "democratize" the Met by persuading big New York stores and women's business and professional groups

[®] Left to right: Leonie Rysanek, the Opera Guild's Blanche Witherspoon, Regina Resnik, Mrs. Belmont, Joan Wall, Zinka Milanov, Bing, the guild's Landon Van Norden, Licia Albanese, Dorothy Kirsten, Blanche Thebom.

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to help buy tickets for their employees and members. She threw open some rehearsals to guild members, organized reduced-price student matinees that brought a whole new audience into the house. When she heard that the Met was going to sell its old gold curtain to a movie company for a mere \$100, she snatched it, had the four tons of grimy brocade cleaned, chopped into convenient pieces and sold for souvenirs. The guild's take, nearly \$12,000.

Flamboyant stunts like that earned her an accolade several years ago that she values even more than the silver tray she carried away from last week's 25th anniversary celebration. "Mrs. Belmont," said an admirer, "has taken the tin cup out of opera."

Classical Hipsters

Composers used to like nothing better than to sit down at the harpsichord or pianoforte and improvise on their own works. Bach, Handel and Beethoven were as well known for their improvisations as for their written compositions. Now Composer-Pianist Lukas Foss, 38, is contriving, with the help of a \$10,000 Rockefeller grant, to put the long dead custom back into classical music—and make it an ensemble art.

The idea of "controlled improvisation" to free classical music from its "slavery to the printed note" first occurred to Composer Foss while listening to the high-brow jazz of the Modern Jazz Quartet three years ago. Foss invited a group of classical players—all former composition students of his at U.C.L.A.—to get together and improvise freely in a classical counterpart to the jazz manner. They soon had to give up that approach: "We just daydreamed; we didn't make music." What he was looking for, Foss realized, was a group improvisation in which every player would in some way be responsible to the others.

Pivotal Notes. Foss began to construct a system built around a series of pre-arranged pivotal notes and a system of letters that indicated what roles the various instruments were to assume at different times. Now he has abandoned the idea of pivotal notes, but the group still starts with "a certain musical vision," worked out in countless rehearsals and set down in graphs and Foss's own specially devised symbols. "If we hit something good," says Foss, "we try to remember it. If something bad, we try to forget it." The technique, insist the players, is far more complex than that of jazz. "It's the difference between playing slapstick and playing bridge."

Foss and his group of composer-performers, known as the Improvisation Chamber Ensemble, appeared at Carnegie Hall last week with the visiting Philadelphia Orchestra to display their technique in somewhat elaborated form. Their scheduled piece, certainly the oddest they have yet attempted, was titled *Concerto for Improvising Solo Instruments and Orchestra*. Pianist Foss and his men—flute, cello, clarinet and percussion—



IMPROVISER FOSS
Bridge or slapstick?

were ranged downstage in front of the orchestra, and Conductor Eugene Ormandy only rarely cast a nervous backward glance at them.

Controlled Chance. The *Concerto* consisted of three movements actually written down for the orchestra by different members of the ensemble and "edited" by Foss. The music was rather faceless—tricked out with a full Modern Composer's Kit of dissonances, rhythmic angularities, splashy climaxes. Against this background, Foss and the ensemble worked out their improvisations. It was in the Intermezzo, when the orchestra was silent, that Foss's technique of "controlled chance" came into fullest play. The Foss ensemble was free to improvise—and it did, with some highly interesting results. The instruments traded themes, stitched their own sinewy figurations, advanced and retreated from the solo role. For the most part the effect was spare and angular—a little like the small-toned, pointillistic compositions of Anton von Webern.

Innovator Foss, who is back teaching at U.C.L.A. after a year's sabbatical for composition, does not expect his system to replace the written score. He himself has just completed a fully written-out composition, *Time's vein, for Soprano and Orchestra* (to texts by Auden, Housman, Kafka and Nietzsche) which will be played for the first time by the New York Philharmonic this week. Between numbers, Foss's ensemble will do improvised "commentaries" on the songs. With the spread of controlled improvisation, Foss thinks the day may come when a typical concert will begin with bits of Bartok or Beethoven and, in between, feature the members of a chamber group spinning out their own trackless flights of tancy.

SPECIAL REPORT

from United States Steel

IT ALL STARTED
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SPECIAL REPORT from United States Steel (continued)



Trucks are thoroughly serviced every few thousand miles in preventative maintenance program.



1918 and 1929 trucks, still in use, are dwarfed by modern rig.



During 20-minute layover, driver Ray Pace makes up fresh bed in sleeper behind cab.



Across the Rockies in a 262 Horsepower Hotel

It is 6:00 a.m., Mountain Time, when drivers Ray Pace and Ervina Walker climb up into their big diesel sleeper cab in the Salt Lake City terminal. Pace gives the instruments a quick look, stabs at the electric starter and the huge engine coughs, snorts and settles down to a roar. Walker makes a note in their log book, nods at Pace who unlocks the air brakes and slides the huge rig slowly out into the northbound artery. Then Walker takes off his shoes, shirt and trousers and climbs into the sleeper behind the cab. He has eight solid hours of driving behind him on the Salt Lake-Reno run, and they were only in the Salt Lake terminal long enough to drop one trailer and hook up another. He's sound asleep before they reach the outskirts of the city.

Highway 89 runs dead north from Salt Lake City through rolling foothills and orchards, skirting the eastern perimeter of Great Salt Lake. The big "smoker," as truckers call diesels, owns the road at that hour, and Pace smiles as he listens attentively to the healthy music of the engine. Under the hood of the tractor (Pace and Walker call their tractor-sleeper "The Hotel," and they spend more time in it than at home), the rugged diesel engine throws out 220 horses, and a screaming turbocharger adds another 42. The Hotel runs on a "aet of pots" (double rear axles) and a transmission built like Fort Knox. Rugged alloy steel gears as big as pie plates churn in the "box." It has 12 speeds forward, 5 in reverse and two gear shift levers. Behind the tractor is a 40' long stainless steel trailer carrying over 40,000 pounds of payload, and on this trip it is Pace and Walker's job to horse it 600 miles across the Rocky Mountains to Denver.

Stone boats and Grandma. Within 50 miles they begin the long, tortuous

climb into the mountains. It's one of those stretches where you find out what "stone boat" means: a hard-pulling trailer that's loaded right to the limit. The Hotel grinds up the serpentine canyon, under enormous granite overhangs, and you also learn what "Grandma" means: low gear; and have time to reflect on the amazing durability of the big rigs that move nearly half of all the inter-city freight hauled in the U.S.A.

The Hotel is one of over 300 diesels operated by Salt Lake City-based Interstate Motor Lines, and in 4 years it has logged over 738,000 miles. It has had only one major overhaul—at 400,000 miles—is due for a second at 800,000. It won't be scrapped until it has run well over a million miles; neither will the shining stainless steel trailer it's pulling. The trailer is nine years old and has logged over 800,000 miles. Its corrugated stainless steel walls shine like new and are so strong you have to look hard to see the few tiny dents that are the inevitable result of constant use.

Highway 30 winds east past Devil's Slide, a gigantic, double-ridged granite outcropping, to Echo, and in a few more miles you're up on tableland. Echo is the place for a trucker's breakfast, and at the lonely Kozy Cafe they order steak and eggs and "hundred-mile coffee"—coffee so strong they couldn't possibly doze for another 100 miles. **Rimrock and rima.** Practically all of southern Wyoming lies ahead before they turn south. It is flat, parched land with hundreds of miles of string-straight driving tailor-made for the diesels that churn along at 2100 rpm. You see ante-lope and magpies, fantastic rimrock formations, and not much else except sage and rabbit brush and alkali-whitened terrain. At this time of day, the heat hovers around 100°.

Little America is the next stop. It's a

restaurant as bright and modern as anything in the East, standing alone out on the prairie. It has special prices for truckers and is a good place to check the tires. They check them every 75 miles for leaks, and look at the big steel wheels. 63,000,000 wheels keep our trucks rolling, nearly all of them steel. **No sick horses.** It's another 110 miles of desert driving to the Continental Divide, with nothing to do but roll and listen to the engine sing, and be thankful you don't have a "sick horse" (tired engine). There is little danger of a breakdown. Back in the terminal shops, each truck undergoes a maintenance program as carefully planned as a battle campaign. It works like preventative medicine by stopping ills before they start, and as a result IML's equipment is the envy of competitive truckers. Their average tractor is about eleven years old. Some have logged over two million miles. Trailers last nearly as long, log close to a million miles before they're retired. The Company still operates the fourth truck it owned, a 1929 Fageol, the first in that part of the country with airbrakes, and a 1918 two-toner that has outlived a dozen engines.

It's dark when you pass Laramie and drop down into the Colorado Valley. You see trees and green fields again. At 2:00 a.m. the rig lumbers into Denver's sleeping industrial section. The trip has taken 20 hours, but there's no rest coming up for the tractor. The trailer is dismounted and another one hooked up to be hauled back to Salt Lake City. With 20 minutes rest, Pace and Walker climb up into The Hotel again, fire up that mighty engine and pull out to do it all over again.

The "crazy" trucker. The 600-mile trip you have just followed is typical of how Interstate Motor Lines racks up an average of 38,000 miles every day,



Climbing the Rockies. It's a long, hard pull to tabletland.



The country flattens out beyond Echo, Utah, and the big diesel can roll.



Tire check. Notice how new the 9-year-old, stainless steel trailer looks.

and their story is the story of the gigantic trucking business. IML was started on August 23, 1929 by their current president, Thomas S. Carter. He had one truck named "Iron Mike," and a firm conviction that some day trucks would move most of the country's freight. His first run was to Ely, Nevada, across sheep trails and salt flats, terrain so primitive that part of the way he had to build his own road. By 1932 he had four trucks making runs to Elko, Nevada, and Rock Springs, Wyoming, and people were saying "he was crazy trying to truck stuff in and out of there."

Tom Carter wasn't, and isn't, crazy. Today, IML has 23 terminals operating from the West Coast to the Great Lakes, nearly a thousand tractors, trailers and pick-up trucks, and last year they grossed over \$20 million. They have hauled virtually everything you can find in that neck of the woods, from cobalt to brine shrimp (the only living harvest from Great Salt Lake and used as a tropical fish food) to urns containing the ashes of dead Chinese being returned to the motherland.

63 billion miles. If IML is impressive, the whole trucking industry is even more so. There are over ten million trucks and one million trailers in operation today. Last year, our 43,000 truck lines logged 63 billion miles and carried over 358,500,000 tons of goods. Perhaps the most impressive figure of all: trucks serve 25,000 communities that have no other access to shipping.

What keeps them running . . . at a profit? Superb engineering can claim the lion's share of the honor, along with trillions of miles of road testing. The next biggest reason is the stuff they're made of: steel. Like automobiles, trucks are made of over 100 different grades of steel, each carefully selected for a special job. But trucks take far greater pounding than automobiles, and illustrate steel's amazing durability even more. Trucks are unique, too, in that State Highway Regulations limit their gross weight, so the lighter a rig, the more payload it can carry, and the more profit it can make. That means that trucks have to be built of steel, because steel provides a high strength-to-weight ratio.

For example, propane haulers have

turned almost 100% to a constructional alloy steel developed by U. S. Steel called "T-1" Steel, because its enormous strength permits tankers to haul as much as 50% more payload. Big flatbeds and closed trailers are built from the family of USS High Strength Steels — COR-TEN, MAN-TEN, and TRI-TEN — because underframes can be built strong and rigid with less weight. Stainless steel is so strong that tankers and trailers seldom need beefed-up support. But, there's more to the steel story than weight saving. Super pure alloy steels keep bearings and gears from wearing out. Special vanadium steels make axles that just don't break any more. Deep drawing steels lend contour to long-lasting body panels and parts.

Steel and trucking's future. Steel is playing a leading role too, in the startling innovations in trucking. "Containerization" is possible because of high strength level steels that cut weight of the containers to the bone. "Piggyback" cars depend on strong steels for strength and light weight, and now they're even putting truck trailer bodies on ships and calling it "fishy-back." In stainless tankers, they're hauling almost every chemical and liquid under the sun with nothing but a rinse-out between hauls.

In United States Steel's research laboratories, scientists and technicians are hard at work developing new and better steels for trucks. In some instances they have redesigned trucks from the wheels up, making sure that every advantage is taken of steel's remarkable properties. They're developing new alloys and heat treating methods that will result in steels that cost less but last even longer. And they're willing to work hand-in-glove with any truck or trailer manufacturer in the country. Small wonder. We like the fact that truck building uses 3,000,000 tons of steel every year, 100 times more than the closest competitive metal.

USS, "T-1", Cor-Ten, Man-Ten and Tri-Ten are registered trademarks



The Continental Divide is halfway between Salt Lake City and Denver.

On the fast leg. Mileage reading: 738,482 miles.



United States Steel



This mark tells you a product is made of modern, dependable Steel. Look for it on the products you buy.

SPORT



PITTSBURGH'S MAZEROSKI GREETED AFTER DECIDING HOMER
For the downtrodden, a giddy fling at glory.

Associated Press

World Series

In an improbable, seven-game stretch of derring-do, the big men of both the Pittsburgh Pirates and the New York Yankees lived up to their clippings. For New York, Mickey Mantle hit three home runs, Yogi Berra delivered in the clutch, and Whitey Ford pitched two shutouts. For Pittsburgh, Vernon Law won two games, Ace Reliever El Roy Face stalked out of the bullpen to save three games, and Shortstop Dick Groat, the National League's leading hitter, rapped out some timely hits. The Yankees set 51 World Series records, including a fantastic team batting average of .338. But in the end, the 1960 World Series belonged to the journeyman ballplayer who made up for his long, lean years with one giddy fling at glory.

The uprising of the downtrodden started in the very first game. With a season batting average of .273, Pirate Second Baseman Bill Mazeroski, 24, had been ignominiously relegated to the eighth spot in the batting order, the slot reserved for the pattybait hitters. So with one man on, Mazeroski pulled a ball over the ivy-covered leftfield brick wall in Forbes Field, and the Pirates were on their way to their first 6-4 victory.

"Whongol!" The Yankees' No. 8 hitter was another second baseman: Bobby Richardson, 25, this year the epitome of the good-field, no-hit infielder. All season long he had only hit a single home run. But in the third game of the series, Richardson hit a grand-slam home run to lead his team to a 10-0 victory and in the sixth, belted two towering triples as the Yankees won, 12-0, Richardson's final total of twelve runs batted in set a World

Series record and surpassed by two the previous record held by Ted Kluszewski and Yogi Berra. "I'm just doing the same old things in the same old way," said Richardson in wonderment. "But, whango, something seems to happen to the ball."

All this was prelude to the seventh and deciding game. In the first inning, with one man on base, up to bat stepped a garrulous vagabond named Rocky Nelson, 35. In his 16-season baseball career, Nelson had played for six big-league teams and been consigned to the minors five times before finally catching on with Pittsburgh, where he was revered for the art of chewing tobacco for a full hour without spitting. Against Yankee Bob Turley (who neither smokes nor chews), Nelson drove a two-run homer over the rightfield wall and the Pirates led 2-0.

Hoisting a Highball. As they had so often over the regular season, the Yankees fought back and were leading, 7-6, in the eighth inning, when another of baseball's castoffs, Catcher Hal Smith, 29, came to bat for Pittsburgh. On a pitch low and fast, Smith hit a three-run homer to give the Pirates a 9-7 lead.

Once again, the Yankees rallied. The score was 9-9 in the last of the ninth when up came Mazeroski. The scouting reports said curve him low, but Yankee Pitcher Ralph Terry cut loose a high fastball. Out in left field, Yogi Berra dutifully ran back to the wall and watched the ball disappear over his head. Rounding second base, Mazeroski pulled off his cap, whirled his arms, bounded with glee like a kid on Christmas morning and galloped home with the winning run. Summed up Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick: "The most dramatic finish to a World Series I've ever seen."

Navy's Destroyer

Like most college football coaches, Navy's Wayne Hardin is cautious with predictions and knows the head-swelling danger of singling out any one player for effusive praise. Coach Hardin breaks all the rules when he talks about a stubby halfback named Joe Bellino. "Joe is the best college football player I've ever seen," says Hardin. "If he doesn't make first-string All-America this year, the game isn't on the level."

Led by Bellino, Navy has turned into one of the surprise teams of the 1960 season. Last week Navy preserved its undefeated record and high national ranking by savaging the Air Force Academy, 35-3. Bellino was everywhere. On defense he broke up an Air Force attack with a timely pass interception. On offense he scored once on a pass, twice on explosive runs that left a slew of tacklers sprawled in his wake. His neat quick-kicking kept the Navy out of trouble.

What sets Bellino apart is his flair for broken-field running. Not only can Bellino whisk around end like any frail halfback, but he is built like a weight lifter—5 ft. 9 in., 181 lbs.—with a pair of fullback's legs that can slam him through a sliver of light in the line. Like a crab, he can scuttle equally fast in any direction. Says Coach Hardin: "In any one-for-one situation—a tackler against Joe—we feel sure that Joe is sure to win. He is a rarity—a fast man who can also dodge."

Leave It to Joe. "The object of Navy's offense," admits Coach Hardin, "is simply to break Joe loose. We feel that if we give him the ball often enough—maybe 20 times in the 60 to 80 plays we get to run in a game—and if we give him a little blocking, he'll go a long way." Bellino can quick-kick over 50 yds., plays safety



Paul J. Maguire—Boston Globe
MIDFIELDER BELLINO
Clever like a crab.

Studebaker Announces the '61 LARK² with Performability



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so exciting you have to
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on defense. Says Hardin: "Joe can do anything you ask of him."

A marked man, Bellino has been buffeted all season long like a destroyer in a typhoon. Packs of tacklers relieve their frustrations by racking him up whenever they can lay heavy hands on him. What is more, Bellino's jet-quick starts often twist the heavy muscles of his legs into knots. After scoring Navy's first touchdown in the 15-to-14 upset of the University of Washington this month, Bellino had to limp off the field three times to have a cramp kneaded out of his leg.

Cooled Heels. Navy's prize package is one of four high school backfield stars—and the first to go to college—born to a Sicilian factory worker in Winchester, a suburb of Boston. Growing up in the "Plains," the Italian section hard by the railroad tracks, Bellino developed into a pool shark and versatile high school athlete, who had his pick of 52 football scholarships. A group of Navy alumni, including Edward J. McCormack Jr., now Massachusetts' attorney general, persuaded him to sign on at Annapolis.

At Annapolis, Bellino is a star catcher (batting average: .320), gets feelers from the major leagues. But football is his game. Against Army last year, when he scored three touchdowns and led his underdog team to a stunning 43-12 victory, Bellino became a Navy hero to rank with any of the past. After the game, Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Arleigh ("31-Knot") Burke cooled his heels in the locker room waiting to shake hands with Bellino. This year Bellino seems headed for even greater things. Said Washington Coach Jim Owens after Bellino had helped ruin his fine team's chances for an undefeated season: "He made us look as though we hadn't practiced tackling."

Scoreboard

❑ Unimpressive all season and steadily slipping in national ranking, Syracuse finally showed some of last year's championship style, came to life in the second half to salvage its unbeaten record and set back a stubborn Penn State team, 21-17.

❑ Still hobbled by the loss of injured Quarterback Charles Ravenel, Harvard hung on until the last few minutes before it was able to push over a touchdown, intercept a last-minute pass on its own 3-yd. line to squeak past Columbia, 8-7.

❑ After a frustrating, fumble-filled game, Michigan's Wolverines got off a desperation fourth-quarter pass that caromed off a couple of Northwestern defenders before End Bob Johnson snagged it on the 1-ft. line. It took two more plays for Michigan to cross the goal and beat the Wildcats, 14-7.

❑ Purdue Fullback Willie Jones had never before scored a college touchdown, but he broke loose for three against previously unbeaten Ohio State to lead the Boiler-makers to a startling 24-21 upset.

❑ Making the most of its hefty, experienced line, Yale hammered Cornell's light little backfield all afternoon, won 22-6, and took undisputed possession of the lead in the race for the Ivy League title.

A black and white photograph of a vintage electronic calculator. A pair of dark-rimmed glasses is resting on top of the calculator. The calculator features a numeric keypad with digits 0-9, a 'C' (clear) key, an 'X' (multiply) key, a 'Div' (divide) key, and a '-' (minus) key. Below the keypad is a small display window showing the number '99999999'. The calculator has a light-colored body with a darker base. The overall image has a slightly grainy, vintage aesthetic.

high, yet it adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides. No other hand-operated machine offers such speed. You can work it twice as fast as an electric adding machine. You can use it anywhere—executive office, accounting department, sales route, business trip, hotel room, plane, train, home . . . anywhere.

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[illegible]

***His radio and heater are running,
his motor is idling . . .
but his***





battery is charging

***Why Chrysler Corporation's
exclusive Alternator
sends the generator to join
the lost generation***



Remember when cars had hand cranks, running boards and rumble seats? It won't be too long now before you can add the generator to that list. Chrysler Corporation's new Alternator (shown at left) makes the generator old-fashioned. And you get it on every one of our 1961 cars at no extra cost, even though police and taxicab fleets that operate around the clock have been glad to pay many dollars extra for alternator systems.

Unlike a generator, the Alternator provides up to 10 amperes charge when the engine is idling. That's enough to keep your battery charged even when you're stopped in city traffic with the radio and heater on.

What this means, of course, is that you're much

less likely to run into battery trouble. Your car will start faster, especially on those cold, winter mornings, and your battery will last longer.

Other car makers will offer the Alternator someday. Just as—someday—they'll offer their own versions of Chrysler Corporation's shake-free, squeak-free Unibody Construction. And 7-soak rust treatment that protects your car's finish (and the resale value) year after year. And Torsion-Aire Ride, acclaimed by the experts as the finest suspension system on any American car.

The obvious question is, why wait? You can get all these good things now in a Chrysler Corporation car, and you get them without paying anything extra.

If you haven't driven one of these cars lately, now's the time. Your dealer's ready. See him.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Reading the Clues

For the experts who are trying to determine where the U.S. economy is going, the clues last week were like the first four-fifths of a mystery novel: challenging but pointing to no clear solution. Some who looked at the overall economic figures found reason for gloom in their further decline. Others who studied the earnings of individual businesses found the picture not nearly so clear-cut, the gloom not nearly so pervasive.

Total personal income rose slightly to hit a record in September, but the rise was deceptive: most of it was due to increased social security, unemployment and veterans' payments, while wages and salary income fell \$400,000,000 because of drops in employment and working hours. September retail sales fell about 1% from August, hovering only 1% above strike-ridden September of 1959. For the second month in a row, U.S. industrial production slipped in September, falling a point to a 1960 low of 107 of the 1957-based index; the August decline, in turn, was revised downward to two points instead of the one point previously estimated. Thus, the three-point drop in two months was almost as sharp as monthly changes during the early stages of the last recession in 1957-58. Reflecting the uneven pace of the U.S. economy, there were declines in the output of steel and other primary metals, while production advances were chalked up by autos, TV sets and home radios.

Growth Areas. The slowing in the economy means that overall third-quarter corporate profits will be down from the second quarter; many a company was so reporting. Yet companies situated in strong growth areas—particularly those that deal most directly in essential goods and services to the consumer—are enjoying better business than ever. The biggest U.S. business, A.T. & T., installed 700,000 new telephones in the third quarter to push the total in use past 60 million. The number of long distance calls climbed 6%. The result, announced A.T. & T. President Frederick R. Kappel,

is that his company's earnings rose 10% per share from last year to \$1.40 for the third quarter.

Third-quarter earnings of Consolidated Foods Corp. soared 13% to 50¢ per share v. 44¢ last year. Spurred by what Chairman Neil McElroy called "the rather exceptional progress" being made by Procter & Gamble's Duncan Hines cake-mix sales, P. & G.'s estimated third-quarter sales and earnings were going along at about last year's 5% growth rate.

The quest for new products and more efficiency was a boon to some companies, a temporary check on the earnings of others. Benefiting from the office automation boom, IBM profits soared \$5,000,000 in the third quarter over the same period in 1959, lifted per-share earnings for the nine months to \$6.51 v. \$5.37 last year. Aided by 70% load factors on its new jets, which now carry 56% of United's passengers, United Air Lines made a steep climb; President William A. ("Pat") Patterson announced record third-quarter earnings of \$1.97 per share, up from \$1.74 a year ago. Ford, riding the compact crest, announced an extra quarterly dividend of 30¢.

Development & Performance. But the profits of the nation's largest electrical manufacturer, General Electric, fell 20% in the third quarter before it was hit by a strike of its production workers. G.E. Chairman Ralph J. Cordiner explained that the drop was caused partly by "a general softening of prices. Large household appliances are selling today at 1951-52 levels" (see below). G.E. has also increased spending for research and development, said Cordiner, "lowering earnings on current business" in expectation of "a very favorable impact" on G.E.'s future business.

New product development troubled Polaroid too. President Edwin H. Land said that development costs for an electric-eye camera and a new film that develops in 10 seconds reduced third-quarter earnings to 41¢ per share, down from 67¢ a year ago. But the problems were solved, both products are now being shipped to dealers, and Land predicted that 1960's volume and profits would set new records.

A good test by which to judge the performance of a company during a period marked by greater competition and a falling off in demand in some industries was posed by Thomas B. McCabe, president of Scott Paper and onetime chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank. In the paper industry, where earnings were mixed, Scott reported earnings up 10.6% to 79¢ a share on only a 5% increase in sales. The reason for Scott's performance, said McCabe, was "outstanding sales performance, production efficiencies and effective efforts to reduce costs."

Bargain Time

Wherever the U.S. economy is going, one thing is plain: not in many months has there been a better chance for the consumer to pick up bargains.

Out from the Chicago headquarters of Montgomery Ward last week began to flow 5,500,000 Christmas catalogues that tantalized customers—and irked competitors. Prices have been cut an average 7.8% below those in the last catalogue. Portable typewriters have been slashed from \$119.50 to \$107.75, electric shavers from \$20.57 to \$17.95, some bicycles from \$32.95 to \$29.85. Bigger cuts have been made in toys. Said an excited executive of competing Sears, Roebuck, which immediately rushed out a lower-priced supplement to its Yule catalogue: "They're giving the business away."

While price cutting in 1960 has been confined largely to the overstocked appliance industry, it is spreading. Eagle-eyed shoppers can find bargains in medium- and lower-priced furniture lines, housewares, drugs, cosmetics, cameras and sporting goods. Many stores are doing their cutting in special sales, e.g., Manhattan's Macy's last week was selling automatic dishwashers at prices well below even those of the discount houses.

Buyers' Market. The shrewd bargainer can get good discounts on 1960 autos if he finds a dealer with a hefty backlog. Cuts on 1961 models are harder to find. They are selling too well. Goodyear is slicing its winter tire prices from 10% to more than 15% on popular sizes. American Motors was the only U.S. automaker



Edward Clark-Life
McElroy



Walter Damm
Kappel



Robert Lockenbach
Land



McCabe



Ralph J.
Cordiner

Like reading the first four-fifths of a mystery novel.



HENRY KAISER



HAWAIIAN VILLAGE AT WAIKIKI

The tourist come, the businessman stayed in shocking pink.

to raise its 1961-model prices—by \$10 to \$60—and the Frigidaire division of General Motors announced last week that it is "holding the price line" on 1961-model appliances. Even Robert Burns took big bids to boast price cuts in its Panatela cigars from two for 27¢ to two for 25¢.

Prices of newer homes, which have traditionally increased yearly, are merely standing still. "It's definitely a buyers' market," said Frederick Hastings, president of Chicago's Homefinders Inc. "There have been more houses on sale than at any time in the last five or six years. Tight money had a great deal to do with it. So did the slowing state of economic activity."

One of the unusual features of the new competition is that merchants who are stressing quality instead of price say they are doing well. Manufacturers and distributors of hardware, meeting in Manhattan last week, reported that U.S. consumers are spending more freely for many higher-priced items for home, lawn and garden, passing up cheaper articles.

Despite the price trimming, most businessmen, already caught in the profit squeeze, do not see any general across-the-board price cutting ahead. They think consumers may be waiting for this. But when it does not come, retailers think that consumers will step up their buying,

to wonder who would house the hordes of mainlanders he felt sure would discover the island's natural beauty and balmy climate. His predictable answer: Henry J. Kaiser.

Thereupon Kaiser launched a new career as the biggest—and most controversial—booster and builder ever to hit Hawaii. He has already built about \$50 million worth of hotels, hospitals, plants and housing developments and, at 78, feels that he is only beginning. Last week Kaiser showed off the first houses in his most ambitious project: Hawaii Kai, a projected \$350 million dream city on the eastern end of Oahu Island, to be built on 6,000 acres between picturesque Maunalua Bay and Kuapa Fishpond.

Hawaii Kai, which Hawaiians call the "Pink Dream," will eventually contain about 11,000 single-family houses—ranging from \$25,000 to more than \$45,000—for some 75,000 people. Plans call for 20 miles of man-made beach, schools, country clubs and marinas. Like all of Kaiser's other Hawaii projects—including his hotels, his fleet of 200 vehicles, bulldozers and cranes, and his private navy of dredges—the houses in Hawaii Kai will feature Kaiser's favorite color: shocking pink. His engineers say the job will take ten years, but Kaiser insists it will be five.

Cement & Thatches. Kaiser started in a small way—for him. He bought \$3,000,000 worth of land bordering on Waikiki, created his own beach and artificial lagoon, and started work on his Hawaiian Village Hotel. In short order, he built 70 thatch-roofed units, a million-dollar 100-room hotel, a 1,000-seat convention hall, a 14-story, 260-room Ocean Tower, an aluminum dome for the convention overflow, and a \$1.5 million, 13-story hotel. Now being finished are a pair of \$3 million, 17-story hotels called the Diamond Head Towers, which will give the Hawaiian Village more rooms (1,600) than any other hotel in Hawaii. Kaiser plans

to raise the total to 5,000 when business justifies it. Says he: "Conventions can equal the rest of the tourist business in Hawaii combined."

Kaiser is so bullish about Hawaii's future that this year he opened a \$13.5 million Permanente Cement plant with a capacity (1.7 million barrels annually) just about equaling the present cement consumption of Hawaii. He is confident that new buildings will rise to use his cement, but his move got him into a feud with Hawaii's powerful Dillingham family, which owns a share of a huge cement plant. Kaiser has also built the \$4 million Kaiser Medical Center, the islands' most modern hospital, has built two clinics and is planning a third to accommodate 40,000 members he has signed up in his own health plan. His other Hawaiian interests include a radio and TV station and a fleet of twin-hulled tour boats (catamarans).

So far, Kaiser has made little money on his projects, which have been financed by loans and vast transfusions from his industrial empire. But he is confident that profits will come, is gradually paring down the traditionally high cost of Hawaiian construction by buying in large quantities, adopting efficiency techniques, using such local materials as coral (for cement) and volcanic cinder (for building blocks).

Trouble in Paradise. But not all has been smooth in paradise. Besides taking on the Dillingham family in what Hawaiians call "the Battle of the Millionaires," Kaiser has had a go at almost everyone. His pressure (usually successful) in pushing through zoning laws to suit his projects has angered many residents. He has tangled publicly with the doctors in his hospital (over their salaries), the Coast Guard (his \$225,000 catamaran, since turned in for a smaller one, could not pass inspection for commercial use), the Hawaii Farm Bureau Federation (Hawaii Kai will replace large

TYCOONS

Henry J.'s Pink Hawaii

Hawaii has never been the same since a bold, rotund tourist wafted in on the trade winds for a vacation in 1954. The tourist was Henry J. Kaiser, fresh from several careers as wartime shipbuilder, automaker, steelman and millionaire chief of a vast industrial empire. Vacationing with his second wife, Kaiser found hotel accommodations scarce on Honolulu's crowded Waikiki Beach, rented a house near Diamond Head, and sat back



JEAN MARQUIS

"I Dreamed I Was a Tycoon in My . . ."

IDA ROSENTHAL

MANY a U.S. woman—and man—boggles at the flat-chested styles that occasionally spring from Paris couturiers, but no one resents them with a deeper passion than a spry little (4 ft. 10 in.) grandmother named Ida Rosenthal.

Mrs. Rosenthal, 74, is the founder and chairman of Maidenform Inc., the chief U.S. brassière manufacturer and the originator of the modern bra. "Nature has made woman with a bosom," says Mrs. Rosenthal, "so nature thought it was important. Who am I to argue with nature?"

By helping nature, Ida Rosenthal has probably had a greater impact on the U.S. female form than all the couturiers in Paris. On any day, she estimates, 20% of all U.S. women—or 13 million—are wearing one of her Maidenform bras; 30% of U.S. women own at least one Maidenform. In 115 countries, 20 different styles of Maidenform, dubbed with such fetching names as Arabesque, Sweet Music and Chansonette, shape the contours of debutantes and matrons alike. Maidenform has become a part of the language, thanks to ads featuring women who dreamed they did everything from shopping to being a treader—while showing off in their Maidenform bras.

Last week Mrs. Rosenthal, who spends 50% of her time traveling to outposts of her Maidenformidable empire, was in Europe. After hurrying through Brussels, Zurich and Amsterdam, she settled in Paris' Ritz, gave a professional appraisal of her clients. "The U.S. woman's bosom is getting smaller," she sighed. "The French woman is sometimes underdeveloped, the Dutch woman is rather heavy, and the British woman needs a little help. Reality cannot always be beautiful."

Mrs. Rosenthal has her own version of aid to underdeveloped countries. Her fastest growing market is overseas, where traditionally bra-less European women are becoming more sophisticated, and women in many lands have newly emancipated themselves into Western dress. Maidenform is opening accounts even in the bare-breasted tropical islands, e.g., in Papua and Fernando Po. Next spring Mrs. Rosenthal plans to personally invade Russia, where she was born. "I'd like the Russian women to wear Maidenform bras," she says. "They'll look better, they'll feel better, and maybe we'll get along better."

SELLING nearly 10% of all U.S. bras, Maidenform last year took in \$34 million, expects a 5% increase in sales this year. Most of it came from the world's best brassière customer, the U.S. woman. Maidenform's average customer is 24-25 years old, wears size 34B, and frequently (one customer in eight) wants padding in her bra. She is also hard to please. "A woman," says Mrs. Rosenthal, "is a very funny creature. You have to sell her the right size and right type, but what she wants to hear about is fashion. Not only do you have to be a designer; you have to be a psychologist."

Mrs. Rosenthal also believes in engineering. She keeps twelve designers busy engineering her bras at her Bayonne, N.J., factory.

When 19-year-old Ida Rosenthal set up a dress business in New Jersey in 1906, less than a year after emigrating from Minsk, the brassière had a very different function than it has now. After Society Girl Caresse Crosby designed a brassière in 1913 (it took its name from the French word for a child's undershirt), it was worn as a sort of chest-height cummerbund to flatten and camouflage women for the boyish look. When Mrs. Rosenthal moved into New York and set up a dress shop with a woman partner in 1922, she noticed that the dresses she was selling often did not look well on women who

bought them. With her partner she designed simple brassières with form and uplift, gave them away with each dress.

The brassière end of the business quickly eclipsed the dresses. Maidenform was founded in 1923 with Mrs. Rosenthal's husband William as a partner. It grew fast, especially in the 1930s, when fashions forsook the boyish look. Mr. Rosenthal designed the brassières and Mrs. Rosenthal handled the sales and financing. Maidenform pioneered in mass production, time studies and special machinery to make brassières. During World War II, recalls Mrs. Rosenthal, "we got priority because women workers who wore an uplift were less fatigued than others."

NOTHING gave Maidenform a better uplift than the launching of its famous "I dreamed" campaign in 1949. Dreamed up by a woman copywriter for a Manhattan ad firm (now Norman, Craig & Kummel), the ad drew little enthusiasm at first, even from Ida Rosenthal. It soon caught fire, despite protests that it was risqué. "We love double meanings," says Beatrice Coleman, Mrs. Rosenthal's daughter and the firm's chief designer, "so long as the double meaning is decent." Maidenform now spends 10% of its sales on advertising, mostly on the "I dreamed" ads. "Let them go on dreaming," says Mrs. Rosenthal. "We have our eyes open."

Indeed she has. When Mrs. Rosenthal's husband died in 1958, she took over as chairman, moved from their 18-room Long Island mansion to a three-room apartment in Manhattan, where a chauffeur calls at 9 each morning to take her to Maidenform's headquarters in Manhattan's garter belt. She personally adds up the new orders each morning to "see if the salesmen are working or playing golf," travels around the U.S. to see how her bras are faring in stores. "Quality we give them," she says. "Delivery we give them. I add personality."

Next January Maidenform will put on sale a new line of women's swimsuits equipped with Maidenform bras. Mrs. Rosenthal also thinks that there is a market for sleeping brassières, hopes to produce a looser Maidenform for the bedroom. The company is also studying synthetic fibers that may eventually replace rubber elastic. From the girl of twelve to the woman of 80, Ida Rosenthal (one of her own best customers) believes that nature can still stand a lot of improving.



crop areas), the Hawaii Yacht Club (he wanted to call his club the Hawaii Kai Yacht Club), the airlines (he threatened to start his own airline to the mainland), and his radio station's disc jockey, J. Akuhead Pupule, Hawaii's most popular disc jockey—whom Kaiser fired last week. Asked the Honolulu *Advertiser* in an editorial: "Who's running Hawaii?" The paper indicated that Kaiser was—and it did not like it.

Despite the squabbles, most Hawaiians look on Kaiser with the same mixture of awe, fascination and affection that they accord their smoldering volcanoes. His capacity for work is enormous. He is up before 5 a.m., begins inspecting his projects almost immediately, keeps an active hand in his widespread interests by daily telephone calls to the U.S., where his son Edgar has taken over the main direction of the Kaiser empire. He is putting the finishing touches on a \$1,000,000 house for himself on Maunaloa Bay. It has a YMCA-size swimming pool, a restaurant-size kitchen, built-in movie equipment and wallpaper covered with the HJK monogram that Kaiser puts on most of his possessions. In true Kaiser style, even his poodles live like kings, with a covered exercise area in their kennel of gold-anodized aluminum, a trophy room, a maternity ward and a beauty salon—all soundproofed.

AVIATION

The Fatal Starlings

When a Lockheed Electra plunged 62 persons to their death in Boston Harbor fortnight ago, Administrator Elwood R. Quesada of the Federal Aviation Agency pointed the finger of blame at the flocks of starlings that populate the runway areas of Boston's Logan International Airport. Last week investigators found preliminary proof to indict the starlings, indicated that a flock of 10,000 to 20,000 starlings slammed into the Electra 25 seconds after it left the ground.

The plane's four Allison turboprop engines were recovered from the water, shipped to General Motors' Allison division in Indianapolis, There, Civil Aeronautics Board crash detectives began taking them apart piece by piece. They found evidence that the No. 1 or outboard engine on the left wing had been shut down and feathered by the pilot, indicating that he was coping with an emergency. CAB believes that the three other engines were delivering power, or at least some measure of power, when the plane crashed.

In the compressor chamber of the No. 1 engine, investigators found what they were looking for: bits of flesh and feathers from starlings. Starling remains were also found in the No. 2 engine; the innards of No. 3 and No. 4 had not yet been examined. But flesh-eating crabs were found in the nacelles of all four engines, suggesting that they had been scavenging starling remains.

Tests in the past have shown that birds drawn into Allison engines through the 2-ft.-wide air scoops cause flame-outs

All of these shares having been sold, this announcement appears as a matter of record only.

NOT A NEW ISSUE

October 7, 1960

UNION TEXAS NATURAL GAS CORPORATION

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A CORRECTION

In the October 17th issue of this publication, the new Chevy Corvair heater was inadvertently advertised as, "Optional at no extra cost." This was a typographical error and the reference to the heater obviously should have read, "Optional at extra cost." We regret its occurrence and any misunderstanding it might have caused.

CHEVROLET DIVISION OF GENERAL
MOTORS, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

about 50% of the time—a danger that experts believe is also shared by the pure jets. Said Quesada: "There is absolutely no evidence that the Boston accident was in any way whatsoever associated with the type of structural failure that caused two previous Electra crashes. Any airplane encountering a massive flock of birds at low altitude, when its air speed is critical, is going to have trouble."

INSURANCE

Coverage for Teeth

Few risks faze Chicago's big Continental Casualty Co. It pioneered in life insurance for United Nations truce teams, drivers in the Indianapolis 500 and health insurance for the aged. This week Continental announced it would cross another frontier: group dental insurance.

Although dozens of dental insurance plans are already in force, they are all backed by nonprofit organizations such as dentists' associations and labor unions. Continental is the first insurance company with its own plan.

Since tooth decay is virtually universal, insurance companies have shied away from dental coverage, figuring that the insured would rush to the dentist as soon as the policy was in effect. Continental found that this was not so. It ran a test plan for two years for 2,450 employees and dependents of the Dentists' Supply Co. of New York at its York, Pa. plant. Continental found that the fear of the dentist's drill was the actuary's best friend. People who had made it a habit to visit the dentist continued to go, but the great majority of those who had stayed away continued to stay away.

Participants in the plan visited the dentist only slightly more often than the average for the rest of the U.S. The only difference was that once they were in the chair, they allowed the dentist to do more work. Thus their families ran up a per capita bill of \$34 (v. a national per capita bill of \$9.76).

Despite the higher bills, Continental

reckons that it will be able to provide group dental coverage for "something less than \$100 per year per family." There will be a deductible feature: during the first year, the first three members of a family will have to pay the initial \$25 of the dental bill; Continental pays 60% to 80% of the rest of the bill up to a maximum of \$500 per family. After the first year, the benefits become more liberal, and the deductible payments drop to \$10.

TOBACCO

Laymen's Verdict

The state with the strongest law holding a manufacturer responsible for the purity of its products is Louisiana. To San Francisco Lawyer Melvin ("The King of Torts") Belli, who has made a career out of damage suits, Louisiana seemed the ideal place to establish a legal precedent that tobacco companies can be held liable for death from lung cancer.*

Belli's plaintiff was Mrs. Victoria St. Pierre Lartigue, who wept as the defense attorney described her late husband as "a human chimney"; she testified that he smoked so much that she had to get out of the house to breathe. From the age of nine he smoked two to five packs of cigarettes a day. His brands: King Bee and Picayunes (both made by Liggett & Myers) and Camels (R. J. Reynolds). Lartigue died five years ago at 65 of lung cancer.

Star witness for Belli was famed New Orleans Surgeon Alton Ochsner, one of the most outspoken of all doctors in his conviction that smoking causes cancer. Said Ochsner: "I have yet to see the physician who will not admit that tobacco causes cancer except the doctors employed by the tobacco companies and the doctor who is addicted." Ochsner said he had examined the autopsy material on Lar-

* In Florida two months ago, a jury found that the deceased husband of a plaintiff died from cancer caused by smoking, but it refused to hold the company liable.

TIME CLOCK

RAIL MERGERS are picking up steam. Illinois Central and Southern Railway are competing for control of the 5,696-mile Louisville & Nashville to strengthen their positions if ICC okays the pending merger of the Atlantic Coast Line and the Seaboard. Southern Pacific asked ICC permission to take over the Western Pacific. One approved merger: Chicago & North Western takeover of the Minneapolis and St. Louis to form the second longest U.S. road (after the Santa Fe).

BUSINESS IN SPACE will be encouraged by National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which will make rockets and launching sites available at cost to U.S. companies for sending up communications systems. Likely first taker: American

Telephone & Telegraph, which wants to put up a \$170 million network of 50 satellites to carry telephone calls and television throughout the world.

TAX SUIT RECORD of Government in last fiscal year was best in 15 years. U.S. won 71% of all civil tax suits. Taxpayers recovered only 12% of amount they claimed in refund suits, lowest average ever.

BIGGEST NUCLEAR PLANT in U.S., which began operating at Dresden, Ill., will eventually produce power at price generally competitive with coal-produced electricity, if research costs are excluded. Built by G.E. for Chicago's Commonwealth Edison Co., it generates 180,000 kw. of electricity, enough to light 50,000 houses.



RICK BURNING AT JACK DANIEL'S is one of the painstaking steps that go into the making of our old-fashioned sippin' whiskey.

It takes a special charcoal for the ancient Charcoal Mellowing process we still use to smooth out our whiskey. That's *hard maple* burned in *open-air ricks*. It's tamped in vats 10 feet deep, and our whiskey is seeped down through it... drop by drop... for a 10-day-long "extra blessing." We think it makes Jack Daniel's gently different from any other whiskey. After a sip, we believe, you'll agree.



THE
TENNESSEE

 SIPPIN'

 WHISKEY

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"We read **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** 52 times a year



—and 17 of those issues carry a McGregor ad"

—William Doniger, President and Harry Doniger, Chairman McGregor-Doniger, Inc.

Often nowadays, the man at the helm of a sloop two days a week is also at the helm of a business—

—not on just the other five days, but all week long.

When a love of sport combines naturally with the competitive side of a man's nature the result is usually not only a more well-rounded man, but a highly successful one as well. Sport is no longer an afterthought in many a business leader's life today, but an integral part of it.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has shared immeasurably in this "new face of leadership" that sport has engendered. Its readers, 87% of them in business or the professions, enjoy a median income of \$10,835 (just about the highest of any weekly magazine) at the enjoyable median age of 42 (just about the lowest). The magazine's circulation has doubled and its advertising revenue increased fivefold in six years. Says Bill Doniger:

"You ask what we think of SI as a medium for men's fashions? Here's the answer—short and fast. It sells!"

tique and was positive he had died of lung cancer induced by excessive smoking.

For the defense, Dr. Harry S. N. Greene, professor of pathology at Yale University's medical school, testified that the case against smoking has not been proved. He said he smokes, even when he has a chest cold, because it brings on a "productive cough" that eases the pain in his chest. Dr. Thomas H. Burford, professor of thoracic surgery at St. Louis' Washington University, said that he smokes about a pack and a half of cigarettes a day, but he has no sympathy for the person who cannot stop smoking. Said he: "I do it every month or so just to prove to myself I can."

After listening to 14 days of testimony, the jury, composed of seven smokers and five nonsmokers, deliberated for only two hours and 40 minutes before reaching a verdict. It has not been proved, found the jury, that smoking causes cancer.

FOOD

The Bite in Roquefort

The Roquefort Association is not a gourmet society. It is the organizer of a volunteer group of private eyes made up of cheese importers, distributors and salesmen. They keep a constant lookout in restaurants and stores to see that no waiter palms off less than true blue Roquefort. Genuine Roquefort is a trademarked blue cheese made from ewe's milk and aged in caves near Roquefort, France. The association's amateur sleuths inspect grocery counters, sample Roquefort salad dressing in restaurants, keep a sharp nose to customs lists of cheese imports.

Since the Roquefort bloodhounds went to work 30 years ago, they have won more than 30 consent decrees against phony Roquefort salad dressings, brought a dozen suits against cow's-milk cheese passing as Roquefort. Two months ago the association won a U.S. district court temporary injunction against an importer's "Roquefort" cheese made in Hungary. Last week it won a satisfying victory: a consent decree and damages of \$1,250 from San Francisco's famed Trader Vic restaurant for putting Danish blue cheese into Roquefort dressing. "Trader Vic's can afford it," explains the association's boss, New York Lawyer Frank O. Fredericks, "but if most restaurants had to fork up \$1,250, they'd have to close their doors. It will serve as a dandy warning."

RAILROADS

Triple-Deck Competition

Stacked three-deep on new split-level flatcars, some 2,000 new Ford and Chrysler cars swept south from St. Louis last week on the rails of the St. Louis-San Francisco railroad. The shiny cargo represented the largest weekly auto shipments the Frisco had ever carried. It also signaled a comeback of U.S. railroads in the competition for automobile freight transport, which a few years ago seemed won by the trucking industry.

In 1929 U.S. railroads handled nearly



GILLILAND & THREE-DECKER
From piggyback to comeback.

60% of all autos shipped. The truckers came on fast in the postwar period, by 1958 had taken all but 10% of auto freight away from the railroads. They could compete on rates but not on speed and service with the big trucks because of time lost loading and unloading cars into special automobile boxcars. The Frisco was particularly hard hit. Despite three big auto assembly plants near St. Louis, the Frisco carried only 9,772 cars in all of 1958, a minuscule 0.56% of its total freight revenue.

Frisco Vice President Jack E. Gilliland, the line's Texas-born, methodical traffic manager, decided to try "piggyback," i.e., loading auto truck trailers directly onto flatcars (minus the cab). It found piggyback trains could beat the truck time from St. Louis to Dallas by as much as eight hours, plant to dealer—at a price per car of only \$73.90 v. \$97.35 by truck. In the first half of this year, the Frisco's auto shipments rose to nearly 50,000 cars, accounting for 4.4% of the railroad's total freight revenue.

Frisco's Gilliland also put Frisco engineers to work to design a special auto-carrying freight car. They devised a triple-deck, 85-ft. flatcar capable of carrying twelve standard or 15 compact cars v. eight or ten cars piggybacked. The Frisco commissioned Pullman Inc. to build a prototype, and after testing it ordered 120 more. The first went into service in August, proved so economical that the St. Louis-Dallas delivery charge was reduced to \$65.05 for a standard car, \$54 for a compact. By the end of this month, when all 130 of the new cars are in service, the Frisco will be able to haul 4,200 cars a week. More than a dozen railroads have placed orders for the new cars, which will soon be giving the truckers a run for their money all over the U.S.

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In 1/2*



Now! Get the compact Smith-Corona Electra 12 — the new, full-featured electric that costs you less than a manual office typewriter!

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A manual office typewriter lists at \$238.50. The Electra 12 saves you \$48.23, or 20 per cent (tax included).

Better yet, the Electra 12 has all the major features of the expensive electric: wide-range touch selector,

impression control, full business-size carriage, automatic repeat action on space bar and hyphen-underline key, plus all the speed and ease electric typing's famous for.

The typing itself is clean, sharp... just like a printed page. And you can get up to 12 clear carbons.

All this is possible because the Electra 12 is compact. Yet it has all the quality and rugged dependability you need to handle heavy work loads day after day.

Why not call your Smith-Corona representative for a demonstration. Or simply fill out the coupon and mail it to Smith-Corona today.

Free 16-page "Guide to Increasing Office Efficiency." The compact, complete office guide that can help you make a smoother-running office in 7 days or less. Fill a free coupon card now. Details on the Smith-Corona Electra 12, and fill out this reader and mail to Smith-Corona, 700 E. Washington St., Syracuse, N.Y. There's no obligation of course.

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EDUCATION

Mixed Progress

Seven autumns and scores of lawsuits after the U.S. Supreme Court ruled school segregation unconstitutional, the Southern Education Reporting Service last week issued a mixed progress report. For the first time, in fall 1960, the South opened its public schools without a shred of violence—not a single riot or bombing disturbed the peace. But not one Negro child as yet attends class with whites in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina or Louisiana.* And out of 3,095,345 Negro pupils in all Southern public schools, only 183,104 attended integrated classes in 1960. Compared to last year, the gain is a slim 2,084.

Renaissance in Fez

In the ancient city of Fez last week narrow alleys blazed with Morocco's red and green colors and the air was heavy with incense and the odor of *kif* (marijuana). From jampacked rooftops thousands of spectators roared "Marhaba!" (welcome). Amid the cheers, Morocco's King Mohammed V, followed by scholars from 39 nations, walked a cobblestoned mile to the huge Karaouine mosque to celebrate a momentous occasion: the 1,000th anniversary of Fez's Karaouine University. This Moslem school is older than any university in Europe.

Golden Days. Early in the 9th century, when Fez was still a young hamlet, its ruler cried: "O God, make this city a

center of law and science where your book [the Koran] will be studied." To fulfill this dream, a wealthy widow of Fez commissioned Karaouine mosque, which took 278 years to complete. The mosque was already famed as a university when the first European university was established in Bologna about 1100. Begun as a theological seminary, Karaouine soon taught 8,000 students everything from medicine to geography.

In these golden days of Arab power, Moslems were the world's intellectual elite—the perfectors of algebra (from the Arabic *al-jabr*; binding together), the founders of analytical geometry and of plane and spherical trigonometry, pioneers in astronomy (through their need to locate Mecca precisely). As scholars flocked in from all over the world—among them a young Frenchman who later became Pope Sylvester II (999-1003)—Fez flourished as the "Baghdad of the West."

Big Sleep. But with Europe's resurgence, the Moslem world sank into a long intellectual sleep. By the mid-18th century, Karaouine's able scientists had departed, leaving behind an obsolete religious curriculum taught by ulemas (wise men), whose main claim to tenure was their power to vote on succession to the Moroccan throne.

Under the French protectorate (1912-56), the once proud university sank even lower as a kind of Moslem Kaffeeeklatsch, without exams or degrees, a place of courtyard classrooms where masters and disciples swatted at fusty theological disputes. Students lived in airless cubicles, three to one windowless room, sleeping on the floor and cooking on charcoal burners.

New Mecca. In 1956 came Morocco's independence. Determined to propel his nation into the 20th century, King Mo-

ammed slashed Karaouine's religious studies, introduced math, physics, chemistry and foreign languages. In 1957 he jolted traditionalists by setting up a female branch at Karaouine, where the enrollment (6,325) now includes 1,197 women. Soon will come another big revolution: 3,000 cramped boarders will move to airy dormitories on the new campus outside Fez, which will boast 70 modern classrooms and laboratories and such unheard-of niceties as a laundry, athletic field, infirmary and dining halls.

A month ago, facing the collapse of their power, Karaouine's hidebound ulemas publicly protested that the King's "modern education" was spreading "licentiousness, debauchery and degeneracy." Karaouine's new French-educated director, Attorney Kacem Abdeljalil, refused to give way. So did King Mohammed. Last week, the white-gowned ulemas abandoned plans to boycott the anniversary ceremonies, glumly turned out to hear Mohammed extol the university's "renaissance." After centuries of slumber, Karaouine now has a fair chance of once more becoming the intellectual Mecca of northwest Africa.

Conant II

After having set the U.S. high school world aflutter last year with his well-reasoned criticisms, former Harvard President James B. Conant last week took on *Education in the Junior High School Years* (Educational Testing Service; 50¢). Addressed to school boards, Conant's new study is a "purposely conservative" pamphlet of 46 pages—the work of a critic who spurs progress by shunning polemics.

Transition. In visiting 237 schools in 23 states, Conant found wide disagreement over where to fit grades 7-9 in a school system. Some communities keep grades 7 and 8 in elementary school, some plump for a six-year high school, and still others hold that the separate three-year junior high school gives combustible half-adolescents a chance to grow at their own pace. In reality, says Conant, the junior high often becomes "a replica of the senior high school with its attendant social pressures." Hitting hard at pretentious commencements, big-time football and marching bands that "serve merely as public entertainment," Conant snorts that all such status seeking is utterly without "sound educational reason."

What interests Conant is effective schooling in these baffling grades, not organizational juggling. Academically, he prescribes sanely taught solids (60% to 70% of classroom time), aimed at preparing youngsters aged 12 to 15 for their biggest hurdle—transition from the "child-centered" elementary school to the subject-centered high school. For Conant's money, the key solid is reading. "Pupils will not succeed in high school," he comments dryly, "unless they can read at least at the sixth-grade level . . . To my mind, the minimum goal for almost all pupils at the end of grade 6 is that these future voters should be able to read with comprehension the front page of a news-



MOROCCO'S KING MOHAMMED V SPEAKING AT KARAOUINE UNIVERSITY
Along with "al-jabr," coeds and a laundry.

**Like your
postage meter,
Counselor?**

**Sure do—
big convenience
& time saver!**

**And what
a break
for me!**



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Makes no difference whether you're Mr. Big, a professional man or a one-girl office—you can use a postage meter with pleasure and profit! First, you're finished for good with old-fashioned adhesive stamps, so fragile, stick-together-able, and losable. No more sloppy stamp sticking. No stamp box to worry about.

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James F. Conant

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¶ Science should be a fulltime subject beginning in the seventh grade. Biology (now usually taught in tenth grade) might well begin in ninth grade—but only if lab facilities can be provided.

¶ Foreign language should begin in seventh grade for "some, if not all, pupils." But the school must follow through with continuing instruction in the same language through twelfth grade.

¶ Homework should increase from one hour a day in seventh grade to two hours in ninth grade. But it should be "meaningful" homework, carefully explained in advance, and not mere "drudgery."

¶ Since "mastery of basic skills" is the task at hand, the unskilled should repeat grades. But because of the "social and psychological problems involved with over-age pupils," Conant suggests that no child repeat more than two years in the first eight grades.

Conant is especially worried that so many teachers regard junior highs as mere training grounds for senior high school. Arguing that grades 7 and 8 require specialized teachers, he advocates a minimum of 50 teachers per 1,000 students, plus one full-time guidance counselor for every 250 to 300 students. He also believes that for this difficult period, children should find their best teachers, whereas, in fact, they usually get the least experienced, the worst paid and the fewest.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Spartacus (Bryna Productions; Universal-International) is a new kind of Hollywood movie: a superspectacle with spiritual vitality and moral force. Quality, of course, is not permitted to inhibit quantity. Shot in a wide-screen, full-color process known as Super-Technirama 70, *Spartacus* runs for 3 hr. 25 min., including a brief intermission, employs 100 major sets, 8,000 extras and 44 more big names than most marquee can carry—among them Kirk Douglas, Sir Laurence Olivier, Jean Simmons, Charles Laughton, Peter

pieces, the slave army finally destroyed, and its 6,000 survivors crucified along the Appian Way.

In all ages since, *Spartacus* has been revered as the patron saint of revolutions. In this century the Communists have claimed him, and both Howard Fast (now an ex-Communist) and Arthur Koestler (now an anti-Communist) have written historical novels about the heroic slave. The script of this picture—based on Fast's book and written by longtime Far Leftist Dalton Trumbo, whose name until recently led the Hollywood blacklist—plays Fast and loose with the historical facts,



WOODY STRODE & KIRK DOUGLAS DYING IN "SPARTACUS"
Also: cheesecake, ham bone, \$12 million and moral force.

Ustinov, Tony Curtis, John Gavin, Nina Foch, John Dall, Herbert Lom, John Ireland. Even in reserved-seat release at advanced prices (\$1.50-\$3.50), the movie will have to run for at least a year before it returns an investment (\$12 million) that comes close to matching the average annual revenue of the Roman Republic in the time of *Spartacus*.

Spartacus, hailed by Plutarch as a man "in understanding and gentleness superior to his condition," was the leader of a band of 78 slaves who in the year 73 B.C. escaped from a training school for gladiators at Capua, 130 miles south of Rome. Eluding the Roman garrison, the gladiators stole weapons, pillaged estates, and freed thousands of slaves (who then made up four-fifths of the population of Rome). After two years of revolt, during which he defeated nine armies sent against him by the Roman Senate, *Spartacus* commanded a force of 90,000, cavalry and foot. Emboldened by their victories, his men finally forced him to fight a pitched battle against the main body of the Roman army, commanded by Crassus. In the unequal fight *Spartacus* himself was cut to

pieces, actually only a competitor for the consulship while *Spartacus* was on the loose, is presented as the Dictator of Rome. To compound the cinematic crime, Caesar, the empire builder, is portrayed by Actor Gavin, a rose-lipped, sloe-eyed young man who looks as though he never got to the first conjugation, let alone the Gallic Wars. And Antoninus, a Roman poet, is played by Actor Curtis with an accent which suggests that the ancient Tiber was a tributary of the Bronx River. To these blunders is added the customary quota of glaring goofs (a map of Italy that looks like nothing seen in Rome before the 19th century), slobbery sentiment ("Be gentle with me, I'm going to have a baby"), a generous helping of cheesecake (Actress Simmons takes a bath in which she womanfully breasts the waves), and barrels of bright red, fresh-from-the-paint-can blood.

For all its bows to the bankers, *Spartacus* is a peculiarly impressive piece of moviemaking. Director Stanley Kubrick, 32, shows mastery in all departments: cast, camera and cutting. In intimate scenes his camera follows the action with

delicacy and precision; but he also knows when to let the frame stand grandly still and the audience stare, as if through a huge picture window, at a magnificent landscape or a ponderous ballet of legions that precedes a battle.

As might be expected, Olivier makes a memorable Crassus, emerging as a voluptuary of power, a moral idiot whose only feelings are in his skin; and Laughton picks the ham bone clean as the jolly demagogue Gracchus, a figure as hilarious and frightening as Khrushchev in a bed sheet. Even wooden-faced Hero Douglas is inspired by Kubrick's direction, and perhaps by his own authority as producer of the picture, to achieve a certain consistency of obviousness that, without actual characterization, nevertheless suggests a character.

Much as it owes to Kubrick, *Spartacus* owes even more to its script, which Scenarist Trumbo has adorned with humor, eloquence, sophistication and a corrosive irony. Above all, despite his personal predilection for the 20th century's most crushing political orthodoxy, Trumbo has imparted to *Spartacus* a passion for freedom and the men who live and die for it—a passion that transcends all politics and persons in the fearful, final image of the dying gladiator, the revolutionary on the cross.

Midnight Lace (Universal-International) is another of those recurrent thrillers (sorry, *Wrong Number*, *Gaslight*, *The Two Mrs. Carrills*, *Julie*) in which a dear, sweet, innocent girl is pursued by a shadowy figure of evil who threatens her with all sorts of insidious molestation and who generally turns out to be "No! No! Not YOU!" Like its predecessors, *Midnight Lace* is not very interesting in itself, but it is uncomfortably fascinating when considered as one of the persistent fantasies of a monogamous society.

In this instance the woman is an American heiress (Doris Day) who has just married a British industrialist (Rex Harrison). One day, in that London fog the thriller business can't seem to find its way out of, the heroine is addressed by a queer, high, male voice that sputters obscenities at her and then threatens to murder her within a month. Soon after that she has a brush with a falling girder. Then a tall, dark stranger looms at her bedroom window. Then somebody pushes her in front of a bus. And so on till the tension has her ready for the funny farm. False leads trail off in at least seven directions, but the climax of the film will come to most mystery buffs as no surprise.

Credits: the screen play, by Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts, is competent. The Eastman Color is pleasant. Rex Harrison is smooth and plausible. Doris Day wears a lot of expensive clothes, and in attempting to portray the all-American missus behaves like such a silly, spoiled, hysterical, middle-aged Lolita that many customers may find themselves less in sympathy with her plight than with the villain's murderous intentions.



Expected: Wherever and whenever the news happens, you can expect to see it in LIFE—whether it's the sudden-death ending of a Tokyo political meeting or a ninth-inning home run that turned the city of Pittsburgh upside down. But LIFE is also full of surprises and this week is no exception: a splendid view in color of a spectacular new movie, *Spartacus*; a picture album of U.S. architectural follies; a look at pretty Nancy Kwan, risen to stardom as a new *Suzie Wong*; Ray Bradbury's thoughtful appraisal of the possibility of life on other planets; a fun-filled visit to a small town firemen's muster. It's all in the new LIFE, and this blend of the expected and unexpected each week adds up to good reading and good looking.

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MILESTONES

Married. Glynis Margaret Johns, 37, South African-born stage and movie actress, who only last year confided that "I get suspicious when I meet a man over 35 who is unmarried—I always wonder why"; and Cecil Henderson, 49, wealthy publishing house director; she for the third time, he for the first; in London.

Married. Viscount Astor, 53, eldest son of Virginia-born Lady Nancy Astor and onetime Member of Parliament; and Bronwen Pugh, 29, top fashion model and daughter of an English county judge; he for the third time, she for the first; in a London borough office.

Remarried. Grace Metalious, 35, lusty chronicler of the deflowering of modern New England (*Peyton Place*); and George Metalious, 35, her first husband and father of her three children, who is now guidance director of a Martha's Vineyard, Mass. high school; at Elkton, Md. only a day after Grace divorced her second husband Laconia, N.H. Disk Jockey Thomas J. "T.J., the D.J." Martin. "After I had left T.J.," explained Novelist Metalious, "I sat for a long time in my house in New Hampshire. Last spring one day George came to my house and said, 'Now are you ready to come home?' I said, 'Yes.'" Her current project: a spicy exposé of indecencies, rampant and couchant, among the winter colony on Martha's Vineyard.

Died. Prince François de France, 25, second son of eleven children of the Count de Paris and thus third in line of succession to the nonexistent throne of France; in a skirmish with Algerian rebels while serving as a second lieutenant with a French army infantry battalion; in Algeria's Kabylie Mountains.

Died. James F. Brownlee, 69, business executive (American Sugar Refining, General Foods, Frankfort Distilleries) and investment banker (Manhattan's J. H. Whitney & Co.), Acting OP Administrator in 1945, chairman of the Ford Foundation's Advisory Committee, co-founder of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools; of a heart attack; at his home in Fairfield, Conn. Soft-spoken Harvardman Brownlee (13) got his start as a sugar salesman, then turned his talents to whisky (Four Roses), gradually gravitated to public service and became a top authority on economic controls.

Died. His Highness Seyyid Sir Khalifa bin Harub, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.B.E., the Sultan of Zanzibar, 81, who had reigned over Britain's East African island protectorate since 1911; of a heart attack; in his royal palace. One of the most benign of small-time despots, the British-admiring Sultan was highly regarded by the quarter-million inhabitants of his spice isle, most of them Moslem blacks known as "God's Poor," the rest chiefly higher-class Arabs descended from conquerors of yore.

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BOOKS

Book of Lamentations

THE LAST OF THE JUST (374 pp.)—André Schwarz-Bart—Athenum [\$4.95].

This first novel, a quasi-epic panorama of Jewish suffering from medieval pogroms to Nazi crematoriums, is a publishing phenomenon in France. The Goncourt Academy last year held an unprecedented



NOVELIST SCHWARZ-BART
Is being a Jew impossible?

ly early meeting to give the book its prestigious award, ahead of other eager prize committees. Running at a 10,000-copy-a-month clip, sales have risen to the 400,000 mark, a rare bestselling figure in the U.S. but almost unheard of in France. Translations are appearing or due to appear in 17 countries.

Part of the phenomenon is the author himself. André Schwarz-Bart, 32, is largely self-taught. Born in the long-embattled French-German border city of Metz, the son of a Polish-Jewish peddler, André spoke Yiddish as his first language and picked up French in the streets while selling newspapers to help support his family. At 14, after the Nazis invaded France, André lost his parents to the gas chambers, subsequently escaped a French internment camp to join the *Maquis*, and was finally mustered out of the French army at an underage 17. As a postwar tractor-factory worker, he voraciously read detective novels until he was decoyed one day by the title *Crime and Punishment*, which revealed to him that "one could put into thoughts" things which happened inside us." After a two-week stab at the Sorbonne, André was profoundly disillusioned with education. For a year he read nothing, then furiously scribbled five and scrapped four, versions of *The Last of the Just* in four years.

The book is not as remarkable as its reputation. To the agonizing, centuries-old why of anti-Semitism. Author Schwarz-Bart replies with a non sequitur—there'll always be a Jewry. At times this makes his novel a disconcerting cross between *The Wall* and a Jewish *Cavalcade*. His persecuted characters bleed purple prose, and he persistently confuses an assault on the nerves with a cry from the heart. Nevertheless, there are a great many moments when the book is as affecting as a wronged child's tears, and as unanswerable.

Dialogue with Jehovah. The plot is strung on the ancient Hebrew legend of the Lamed-Vov or 36 Just Men, who, although indistinguishable from their fellows, take unto themselves the collective grief of mankind: "If just one of them were lacking, the sufferings of mankind would poison even the souls of the newborn, and humanity would suffocate with a single cry." So frozen with man's woes is the Just Man that sometimes when he rises to heaven, "God must warm him for a thousand years between his fingers before his soul can open itself to Paradise." Author Schwarz-Bart imagines a familial dynasty of Lamed-Vov called the Levys. The first of the line, Rabbi Yom Tov Levy, forces himself to slit the throats of 250 of his coreligionists in an 1185 A.D. pogrom in York, England rather than have them tortured or converted. After this follows an inexorable litany of torment, in which generation after generation of chosen Levys are burned, torn apart by horses, slashed by Cossacks, exposed on stakes, or dripped-tortured in eyes, ears, mouths with molten lead. The rare Just Man who dies in bed regards it as God's inexplicable little joke.

Not till his novel is a third over does Author Schwarz-Bart focus on German-Jewish Ernie Levy, his slight-bodied, lion-spirited hero, whose destiny is marked by Adolf Hitler's rise to power ("It was the year 1933 after the coming of Jesus, the beautiful herald of impossible love"). Ernie's fate is no less poignant for being predictable. At school he wins moral victories with the *Pimple*, his Hitler Youth classmates, at the cost of savage physical defeats. Catching him in a puppy-love affair with the blonde-braided gentle, Ilse, the *Pimple* beat Ernie bloody. In a surrealistic scene that might have been painted by an embittered Chagall, the soul-sickened boy dives like a wounded bird from his third-story bathroom window in a suicide attempt. As the boy's grandfather kneels beside the seemingly lifeless body, he turns his face skyward in the homely dialogue with Jehovah that is both the balm and the hemlock of Judaism: "O Lord, did you not pour him forth like milk? . . . Hear me, you covered him with flesh and skin, you wove him of bone and nerves, and now you have destroyed him."

After two years as an invalid, Ernie becomes a Wandering Jew, works as a

farmhand, serves in the French army, and inevitably finds his way onto a death train. His last act: comforting ill, grieving and bewildered children with the thought that they are enduring a bad dream from which they will awaken to a serene kingdom of joy. With the tragic stinging power of the massacre of the innocents, the book ends.

Messianic or Existential? The dialectical thread that runs through *The Last of the Just* is what it means to be a Jew. Author Schwarz-Bart's first answer is Messianic: Israel will redeem the world by bearing its sufferings. His second answer is close to existential: "To be a Jew is impossible." Schwarz-Bart's Jewish martyrs come close to being Christian martyrs turned inside out. A more disturbing aspect of the book is that Christianity becomes the explicit villain of the piece. Whatever cogency such an argument might have had in the past, it does not help to explain Hitler, whose anti-Semitic holocausts were performed for that monstrous pseudo god, the modern totalitarian state.

When he polemically trades scapegoats, Author Schwarz-Bart is far from his best, but when he apotheosizes the martyred dead, he can scarcely be bettered.

Mixed Fiction

GOOD BYE, AVA, by Richard Bissell (241 pp.; Atlantic-Little, Brown; \$3.95). recalls the widespread complaint that the U.S. lacks comic novelists. This is not true, as is proved weekly by the best-seller lists: the great lack is of novelists who are funny on purpose. In that lodge two of the more notable members are Peter De Vries (*The Tents of Wickedness*) and Richard Bissell (7¢ Cents).

Bissell, in *High Water and A Stretch on the River*, has libeled the Mississippi more amusingly than anyone since Mark Twain, and Blue Rock, Iowa, the scene of



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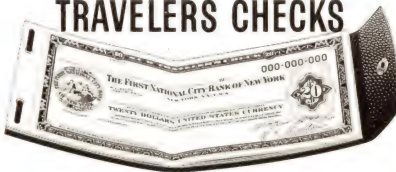
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his latest foolishness, is a river town. His hero is a happy bachelor named Frank Blanchard, who, though college-educated wouldn't take New York if you renamed Sixth Avenue for him. And for good reason: he lives on a houseboat, makes a dandy income manufacturing Sno-Fuzz machines (Sno-Fuzz is a kiddy confection), and practices a kind of Greco-Roman wrestling with any number of ladies. In fallow periods he daydreams of Ava Gardner—a whimsy not among the author's blubbiest.

There is just enough plot—a fertilizer company threatens to evict Frank and another houseboat owner from their moorings—to string together the sort of dialogue in which Bissell slyly captures the murmur of the heartland. But at book's end—after Frank has married a girl with the greatest body in the Illinois River valley from Grafton clear to Joliet—it is clear that Author Bissell simply has not tried very hard.

At his best, Bissell has the curious ability to affect his fans like four beers on a hot afternoon, and to chill his detractors like four draughts of anti-beer, a potion (mercifully still to be invented) that leaves a man progressively soberer and meaner. *Good Bye, Ava* is not exactly anti-beer; it is simply a little flat.

BOOK OF THE MONTH, Alexander Cordell (384 pp.; Doubleday; \$4.50) is a costume romance, and usually such books have almost no resemblance to legitimate novels. Ordinarily it is possible to judge each sort according to its own standards. Do broadswords and bustlines glitter sufficiently in the one, are reality's fore and backside faithfully drawn in the other? But now and then a writer with the skill of a Robert Graves succeeds in mixing the two styles. Author Cordell once again attempts the trick with some fairly entertaining results, but he is no Graves.

Welsh unrest during the 19th century provides the background for Cordell's romance novels, which relate the doings and stowings of a wild country clan called the Mortymers. The present book, sequel to *The Rape of the Fair Country*, moves the Mortymers to the coal-mining and farming town of Carmarthen in time for the Rebecca riots of 1830-44. Strapping young Jethro, the book's hero, joins the night-riding Rebecas—angry farmers who black their faces and wear their wives' nightgowns to raid the hated tollgates, which devour profits on produce taken to market.

The author, an English-born Welshman, writes well of two boys poaching rabbits with a ferret and a terrier, of women clacking 18 to the dozen after church, of the deaths of children and grandmothers in the choking mines. He also gives a good picture of a night raid on a tollgate, but does not trouble himself to explain the

— The name comes from the Bible: "And they blessed Rebeckah, and said unto her, 'Thou art our sister; be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them.'"



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BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Book worth reading. Economic growth of the U.S. vis-a-vis the U.S.S.R. is a major national concern—and a confusing Presidential election issue. Earlier this year, Business Week helped clear the air with what one distinguished observer called a "masterly" special report



on the subject, entitled, "The U.S. Invents a New Way to Grow." It was the work of Senior Editor Leonard Silk, who had been working at it, on and off, for over a year. Dr. Silk offered an exciting thesis: that regular and systematic investment in scientific and industrial research is the powerful new force behind U.S. economic growth. This force, said the report, is rapidly changing the nation, the structure of industry, and the nature of the labor force—and is, in fact, the critical element in the international balance of power.

The impact of the report—and the response in industry and government—encouraged Economist Silk to expand it into a full-length book, just published



by McGraw-Hill (and available at your bookseller's!). Title: *The Research Revolution*, with an introduction by Prof. Wassily Leontief of Harvard. Len Silk is one economist who likes to talk plain English, so fear no gobbledegook.

BUSINESS WEEK
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social chafes that led to the building of the gates.

His prose is Welsh; he can be language-drunk or sly with bawdry, as Dylan Thomas was when he named the village in *Under Milk Wood* "Llareggub." As for the roarious Jethro, he is engaging as a boy, but loses credibility as he grows older; he is forever lapsing into derring-do, despite the derring-don'ts of his womenfolk. At the end, he escapes a platoon of dragons and a mine cave-in, and boards ship for the U.S. Cordell can be counted on to tell more of this lad, who will arrive in the New World in good time for Harpers Ferry and Bleeding Kansas.

Twilight of a Dandy

Portrait of Max (317 pp.)—S. N. Behrman—Random House (\$6).

"The gods have bestowed on Max the gift of perpetual old age," quipped Oscar Wilde when Max Beerbohm was all of 25. It is difficult to know precisely when Max's old age began. Perhaps, since he "detested change of any kind," it began at birth. He was the ninth and last child of a late-fiftish father; a faintly melancholy, autumn mood came as first nature to Max. Then again, his old age may have begun at 23 when his first book, archly titled *The Works of Max Beerbohm*, was published, and he announced (prematurely) his retirement from the literary scene to make way for "younger men." The last possible launching date for his career as an old party is 1910 when, after twelve years as drama critic for London's *Saturday Review*, the 48-year-old Max took his actress-bride Florence Kahn to Rapallo, Italy for a life of almost unbroken retirement.

Sempiternal Edwardia. Thus the man whom Playwright S. N. Behrman came to know as a friend in 1952, when Max was almost 80, was merely biologically old. Essentially, he had not changed for more than four decades: he had not retreated to the past; he had simply refused to leave it.

Behrman found him doodling caricatures of Balfour, Oscar Wilde and Henry James as if he inhabited a kind of sempiternal Edwardia. He also found him talking. Apart from copious quotations from Max's own writings and a generous sprinkling of his superlative caricatures, *Portrait of Max* is a graciously spliced tape recording of the twilight talk of a minor, but finely mannered, man of letters.

How Odd of Oedipus. The silhouette of Max that emerges is "incomparable" (as Shaw lastingly dubbed him), partly because the 20th century was not comparable to Max. Temperamentally, Sir Max (as he came to be in 1939) was an aristocrat; sartorially, he was a dandy; intellectually, he was a conservative. Even less appealing to an age of total inflation was Max's insistence on "limits," especially his own: "My gifts are small. I've used them very well and discreetly, never straining them; and the result is that I've made a charming little reputation." Bigness, grandiose gestures, utopian schemes,



Jenny Nicholson
MAX BEERBOHM IN 1952
Old age began at 23.

monumental successes not only terrified Max; they affronted his household god, common sense.

If there was a touch of malice in him, there was no envy; it was merely that Max's inner mirth and an ingrained cosmic uncertainty committed him to the unimportance of being earnest. D. H. Lawrence struck Max as a lunatic. He cheerfully confessed to Behrman that Freud was beyond him and added reflectively, "They were a tense and peculiar family, the Oedipuses, weren't they?" Virginia Woolf's stream-of-consciousness technique irritated him: "All of us have a stream of consciousness; we are never without it—the most ordinary and the most gifted. And through that stream flows much that is banal, tedious, nasty, insufferable, irrelevant. But some of us have the taste to let it flow by." After reading Lawrence of Arabia's translation of the *Odyssey*, Max, who pursued stylistic perfection like a grail, wrote: "I would rather not have been that translator than have driven the Turks out of Arabia."

The English Goya. Max always found failure "endearing," and it led him into a lifelong reverse snobishness about himself. When an American publisher had had the "intrepidity" to reprint one of his books of short stories, and managed to sell only a handful of copies, Max was delighted. He needed to believe that his work was caviar to the general; else perhaps it wasn't caviar. Caviar or not, he proved durable. His *Zuleika Dobson*, one of the best comic novels ever written, sells well in the Modern Library edition (though not as a Giant, which he would have deplored). In his caricatures, he not only impaled his era but showed such a sure instinct for the jugular that Bernard Berenson once dubbed him "the English Goya." And in short stories like *Savonarola Brown* and *Mulhby and Braxton*, he

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became a kind of prose laureate of failure as he fashioned penetrating portraits of mediocrities who poignantly did not recognize their own limits.

When Behrman saw Max for what proved to be the last time in 1955 (he died a year later), the aged dandy was still wearing his straw boater at a jaunty angle, his plum-colored suit with the low-cut, wide-lapel vest. In parting he waved a fondly diffident hand at the Mediterranean and said, "Same old sea," scarcely memorable words. He had said his say, and he probably knew that the gods had indeed given him the gift of perpetual old age, immortality—in a small sort of way.

Some Boys Are Happy

THE DAYS WERE TOO SHORT (335 pp.)
—Marcel Pagnol—Doubleday (\$4.50).

One of the more deplorable casualties of current writing is the happy childhood. Still, there must be some adults who were happy kids, and occasionally a writer is bold enough to stand and be counted. English Poet Laurie Lee made no bones about the joy of his poverty-stricken youth in *The Edge of Day* (TIME, March 28). Now Marcel Pagnol, a French Academician and man of film and theater (*Fanny*, *The Baker's Wife*), writes with uninhibited pleasure of a Provence boyhood. By his account, it was so lacking in bitterness that, to Freudian critics, it will seem downright square.

At 65, Pagnol may seem to suffer a bit from total recall, but the simple charm of his story is ingratiating enough to suspend disbelief. Chiefly, Pagnol recalls his vacations in the Provence countryside with a mother and father who loved him and a brother and sister who seemed never to arouse his resentment or cruelty. Their rundown, rented "villa" stood on a hillside in wild country that was a hunter's paradise. With his father, who had an antique shotgun, Marcel and a local Huck Finn type bagged enough birds to feed a battalion. They roamed the dramatic forests like the Comanches they pretended to be, and formed one of those enduring boyhood friendships that can later be seen as one of the milestones of a life. Young Marcel repaid his friend for the treasure of country lore by teaching him, one of his favorite words, finally showing his deep regard by writing out for him "anticontinentalment."

Gradually, in a rambling way, Pagnol builds up a fine store of memory, characterized by the special blend of feeling—love of life combined with a shrugging irony about its limitations—that marks the best of his films and plays. Some of Author Pagnol's anecdotes are a little too pat, recalling some of the slapstick in his lighter movies. And at the end, when he looks back on the deaths of some of those he loved, he allows himself a platitude, a kind of sentimental existentialism: "Such is the life of man. A few joys, quickly obliterated by unforgettable sorrows." But he notes immediately with the kindness that informs his story: "There is no need to tell the children so."

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Sunrise at Campobello. As in his stage version, Dore Schary worships rather than evaluates Franklin Roosevelt during the period when he conquers polio, setting the mold for the President-to-be. But for all this, the film offers rich, commercial entertainment, ranging from heroic drama to soap opera to political pleading.

The Entertainer. In a seedy music-hall performer, England's Angry Playwright-Scenarist John Osborne has a farfetched but arresting symbol of all that is wrong with England. But the vigor of Osborne's complaint and, above all, Laurence Olivier's relentless grotesqueries as the fatuous vaudevillian provide fascination on the screen.

The World of Apu. The third, last and most striking scene in the trilogy of Indian life by Satyajit Ray brings its hero to marriage and deeper tragedy than either *Pathar Panchali* or *Aparajito*, the first two parts, making it the moving culmination of a naturalistic film masterpiece.

Let's Make Love. A trumped-up plot to bring Marilyn Monroe and France's rugged, gaunt-faced, charming Yves Montand together takes the long way around to Marilyn's arms, since Montand is an unlikely billionaire who wants to be loved for himself alone. The game is forced but fun.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs. William Inge's careful insights into the problems of an Oklahoma harness salesman and his troubled family are well illuminated in the screen version, with Robert Preston setting the acting pace though occasionally running ahead of Inge's harness.

High Time. An amiable spoof of the old-fashioned campus musicals brings Old Groaner Bing Crosby back to college to fill the gap in his career as a tycoon. Along with the fun, Bing also gets a refresher course in romance. No harm done at all.

TELEVISION

Tues., Oct. 18

Thriller (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).^{*} Latest in the new crime series, hosted by Boris Karloff. This edition, starring Everett Sloane, Frank Silvera and Jay C. Flippen, is about an underground lawyer and his difficult relations with a narcotics syndicate boss.

The Garry Moore Show (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Guests: Alan King, Anna Maria Alberghetti.

Wed., Oct. 19

Step on the Gas (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A Max Liebman musical comedy based on the bumpy evolution of the automobile, with Jackie Cooper and Shirley Jones.

Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Guests: Jack Paar, Keely Smith, Hugh Downs and Kokomo Jr. Color.

Fri., Oct. 21

Nixon and Kennedy (CBS, NBC, ABC, 10-11 p.m.). The fourth TV encounter between the presidential candidates.

The Equitable's Our American Heritage (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Not without

Honor, a historical drama, stars Arthur Kennedy as Alexander Hamilton and Ralph Bellamy as Thomas Jefferson.

Sat., Oct. 22

N.C.A.A. Football Game (ABC, 2:15 p.m. to final gun). Notre Dame at Northwestern.

The Bob Hope Buick Show (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Hope plays Gaylord Goober, the people's choice, with Guest Stars Ginger Rogers and Perry Como.

The Campaign and the Candidates (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Recap of campaign developments.

Sun., Oct. 23

Meet the Press (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guests: Democratic and Republican National Committee Chairmen Henry M. Jackson and Thurston B. Morton.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). *Revolt in Hungary*, a rebroadcast of the memorable films about the 1956 uprising.

The Dinah Shore Chevy Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Featured: Tahitian singers, dancers and musicians. Color.

Mon., Oct. 24

The Right Man (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Dramatized history of the American presidential campaigns over the last century.

Continental Classroom (NBC, 6-7 a.m.). John F. Baxter teaches "The Election and Convalescence" during the first half hour, and John L. Kelley offers "Ordered Pairs and Ordered Triples" in mathematics during the second.

THEATER

On Broadway

Irma La Douce. A musical that is French to its very bedposts provides a tingling mixture of sweetness and bite. As a prostitute who can make iniquity seem perfectly charming, Britain's Elizabeth Seal suggests that she really can do no wrong, despite Irma's voracity.

A Taste of Honey. Written by Britain's Shelagh Delaney when she was only 19, the play tells the story of an English girl trapped in sad and sordid situations, makes up for its too episodic style with leaping language, a sense of truth, and a brilliant performance by Joan Plowright.

The Hostage. by Brendan Behan, fills its characters with the wild humors of its bigger-than-life playwright, runs an exhilarating gamut from bawdiness and irreverence to keening Irish lyricism.

Still holding up on Broadway against the tide of new shows are several holdovers, notably *The Miracle Worker*, *Toys in the Attic*, *Bye Bye Birdie*.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Sabres of Paradise. by Lesley Blanch. This history of Russia's struggles to subdue the wild tribesmen of the Caucasus during the first half of the 19th century is hardly an orderly chronicle, but its digressions are fascinating, and its heroes are thundering horsemen and high-bouncing lovers.

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. by William L. Shirer. Though it offers no new insights or literary distinction, this

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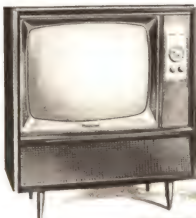
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massive history by a veteran reporter holds the reader's interest to the Wagnerian end.

The Nephew, by James Purdy. The accomplished author of *The Color of Darkness* achieves eerie effects with clear, simple prose in this impressive novel about an elderly Ohio woman who makes the mistake of looking too deeply into the life of a soldier nephew who has died.

The Child Buyer, by John Hersey. A first-rate satire, in the form of hearings before a state senate committee, of national vagaries in education and super patriotism.

Rome for Ourselves, by Aubrey Menen. A fond, mocking assessment of Rome, ancient and modern, suggesting that even in imperial days Romans were less interested in glory than in *la dolce vita*.

The Worlds of Chippy Patterson, by Arthur H. Lewis. A readable biography of the flamboyant Main Line lawyer who preferred broads to ladies, penniless—and crooked—clients to rich corporations.

The Trial Begins, by Abram Tertz. A bitter and brilliant novel, smuggled from Russia, mocking the Soviet monolith.

Victory in the Pacific, by Samuel Eliot Morison. The author reaches port with the last volume of narrative in his masterly history of U.S. naval operations in World War II.

Casanova's Chinese Restaurant, by Anthony Powell. A witty novel about Britain in the '30s and that period's curious miscegenation between Society and Art.

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, by James Agee, with photographs by Walker Evans. Since it was written in 1936, this prose account of sharecroppers' lives, set down with the dark rage of a poet, has become a classic.

Decision at Trafalgar, by Dudley Pope. Best of the current blood-in-the-scuppers accounts of the great battle.

The Black Book, by Lawrence Sanders. A glittering, impudent, outrageous novel, all mark and manifesto, written by the author of the Alexandria tetralogy when he was 24 and had just made the heady discovery that he was a very good writer.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (1)*
2. *Hawaii*, Michener (2)
3. *The Leopard*, Di Lampedusa (3)
4. *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Lee (5)
5. *The Chapman Report*, Wallace (4)
6. *The Lovely Ambition*, Chase (8)
7. *Diamond Head*, Gilman (7)
8. *The Last Temptation of Christ*, Kazantzakis (6)
9. *Mistress of Mellyn*, Holt (9)
10. *The Child Buyer*, Hersey

NONFICTION

1. *Born Free*, Adamson (1)
2. *How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock Market*, Darvas (2)
3. *Taken at the Flood*, Gunther (4)
4. *Enjoy, Enjoy!*, Golden (5)
5. *The Waste Makers*, Packard (8)
6. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (6)
7. *Felix Frankfurter Reminisces*, Frankfurter with Phillips (3)
8. *The Conscience of a Conservative*, Goldwater
9. *The Liberal Hour*, Galbraith (7)
10. *May This House Be Safe from Tigers*, King

* Position on last week's list.



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